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SELECT LETTERS OF CICERO.

I. (ATT. I. 5.)

How much grief I have suffered and of how much assistance I have been deprived, both in my professional and domestic duties, by the death of my cousin Lucius, you can judge better than any one, for all the enjoyment which a man can gain from the refinement and conduct of another, I gained from him. So I have no doubt that you are also grieved at this occurrence, both since you are moved by my sorrow and you have yourself lost a relative and friend endowed with every excellence and distinguished for his strict performance of duty, a man who cared for you of his own accord as well as on account of my speaking of you. As to what you write me about your sister, she herself will tell you how much pains I have taken that my brother Quintus should feel toward her as he ought; when I found him to be in the wrong, I sent that letter to him in which I thought it best to warn him as a younger brother, and to chide him as in error. From the letter which he afterwards wrote me, I am sure all things are as they should be and as we wish. You reproach me unreasonably for the interruption of my letters; for Pomponia never told me to whom I could entrust a letter; and too, I did not have any one who would go into Epirus, and I had not yet heard that you were at Athens. Then about the affair with Acutilius which you put in my

hands as soon as I came to Rome after your departure. I attempted to do so, but it turned out that there was no need of arguments, and as I thought you would have enough to do, I preferred Peducaeus should give it to you, by letter rather than I. For when I had listened many days to A. Attius, whose mode of conversation I think is known to you, I did not think it a burden to write you these complaints, when I considered the disagreeable nature of them a light task. But let me tell you now, reproach me, that you have sent me only one letter, although you have had more leisure for writing and greater opportunity for sending. You write that I ought to be about a reconciliation, even if the disposition of a certain person is hostile to you. I am considering what you say, and I have not overlooked the other aspect influenced in some remarkable way.

Moreover, I have not omitted the things which should have been said about you; but what efforts should be made, I thought I ought to determine from your desire. If you wish, carefully write me what you wish, you will find I have not intended to be less active than you are, nor will I be less diligent than you wish. In regard to Tullia, she told me that you had written that there was no need of trial, since the inheritance had been secured by right of possession. I wonder that you do not know that, in the case of legal guardianship, nothing is decided by right of possession. I am glad that you sell your purchase in Epirus. What I have entrusted to you, and I what you know is suitable for my house at Tuscum, I should like to have you procure, as you write you will, as far as possible without inconveniencing yourself. For in that place alone I am at rest from both mind and body. I daily expect my brother Quintus. My sister is greatly troubled with rheumatism, my young Tullia dearly loves you and your sister and brother, and sends many greetings to you.

Take care of your health and retain your love for me, and be assured that I love you like a brother.

II. (ATT. I. 3.)

I know your grandmother died both from longing for you and, too, because she feared that the Latin games might not be observed and no sacrifice offered on the Alban mount. I think that Lucius Saufeium will console you for her death. I look for you here about January, from common report and from letters which you have sent to others; for you have written me nothing of the matter. Those statues which you have procured for me have landed at Cajeta. I have not yet seen them; for I have had no opportunity for leaving Rome; I sent some one to pay the duty. I am much obliged to you, because you have procured them so carefully and cheaply. In regard to the conciliation of our friend, I have done and tried everything, but in a wonderful degree his mind has changed. When you come you will learn from me of these suspicions, although I think you have heard them. I have not been able to restore Sallust, who is here, to his favor as of old. This I have written you because he used to accuse me about you. He found in his own case that Lucceius is implacable, and my affection has been wanting neither to you nor himself. I have betrothed Tulliola to Caius Piso, son of Lucius Piso Frugi.

✓ III. (ATT. I. 2.)

Let me tell you that on the day when Lucius Julius Cæsar and Caius Marcius Figulus were elected consuls, a little son was born to me, and Terentia is doing well. Not a line from you all this long time! I wrote carefully some time ago of my prospects. At present I am thinking of defending my rival, Catiline. We have the

judges whom we wish, and the prosecutor is most obliging. I hope, if he secures acquittal, that he will be more ready to join me in my candidature, but if otherwise, I shall bear it patiently. It is essential for me that you should come before long, for there is a very strong opinion prevailing that your friends, men in high standing, will be opponents of my success. For gaining their support for me I see that you will be of the greatest use. So be at Rome, as you decided, by January.

IV. (AD FAM. V. 2.)

Allow me to express my good wishes for the prosperity of yourself and your army.

Your letter to me says you had supposed that mutual regard and our reconciliation would have secured you from attack and ridicule on my part. What this may mean, I fail to see quite clearly. I suspect, however, that some one may have informed you how I, when insisting in the Senate that there were many who felt some bitterness that the state had been saved by me, stated that relatives of yours whom you could not refuse had obtained from you the promise to suppress the words which you had intended to say in my praise in the Senate. In saying this, I added that you and I had shared the duty of saving the state; for while I defended the city from intrigues at home and intestine treason, you guarded Italy from armed enemies and secret conspiracy; but that this alliance of ours for so great and glorious a work had been strained by your relations, who, though I had been the means of procuring you a most important and distinguished charge, were afraid that you would pay me some portion of regard in return. As these words of mine showed how much I had looked forward to what you would say, and how entirely I was disappointed, my argument seemed

to excite a little amusement, and was followed by a certain amount of laughter, not at you, but rather at my own disappointment, and because I was acknowledging so naïvely and openly that I had eagerly looked forward to being eulogized by you. And surely what I said cannot but be considered complimentary to you if, even in the fullest splendor of my renown and achievements, I still longed to have some confirmation from your own lips. And as to your reference to our "mutual regard," I know what you consider reciprocity in friendship. To me it seems to mean that an equally friendly feeling is extended and received. If I affirm that for your sake I have allowed my claim to your province to be passed over, I shall seem to you to be trifling; for self-interest brought about this resolution, and every day I reap therefrom additional fruit and satisfaction. What I do affirm is this—that from the moment I had declined the province in public, I began to consider how I could best throw it into your hands. As to the balloting between you and the others I say nothing; I only wish you to surmise that nothing whatever which my colleague did therein was without my full cognizance. Look at what followed; how quickly I convoked the Senate that very day when the balloting was over, and the ample terms I must have used in your favor when you yourself told me that my speech not only paid a high compliment to you, but was very disparaging to your colleagues. Nay, the very decree of the Senate passed that day is couched in such terms that as long as it remains extant my services to you cannot possibly be ignored. Then again, I must beg you to recollect how, after your departure, I spoke about you in the Senate, how I addressed public meetings, and how I corresponded with you; and when you have taken all these things into account, that I must ask you to judge for yourself whether it seems to you that your

late demonstration of coming to Rome was meeting me in a "mutual" spirit. With reference to what you say about a "reconciliation" between us, I do not understand why you should speak of reconciliation where there has never been an interruption of friendship. As to your writing that your brother Metellus has not deserved to be exposed to attacks from me, and all for a single word, I wish you first to believe that I strongly sympathize with your motives in this and your brotherly affection filled with kindly feeling, but then to pardon me if, for my country's good, I have ever opposed your brother; for I am as strong a friend to the state as the most enthusiastic. If truly I have but been defending my own position against a cruelly unjust attack of his, you may well be satisfied that I do not make a personal complaint to you of your brother's injustice to me. For when I had ascertained that he was deliberately aiming a blow, delivered with the whole weight of his position as tribune to crush me, I applied to your wife Claudia and your sister Mucia, whose liking for me, owing to my intimacy with Pompey, I had often noticed, to deter him from that wrong. In spite of this, as I think you have heard, on the last day of the year, he put upon me—the consul who had saved the state—an insult which the vilest citizen in the lowest office was never yet exposed to; actually debarring me when laying down my office from the privilege of a farewell address. Yet this insult was a signal honor for me; for as he would allow me nothing except to take the oath, I pronounced aloud the truest and noblest of oaths, and as loudly the people in answer solemnly attested that I had sworn this truly. Yet, though I had received this signal affront, on that very day I sent to Metellus common friends to entreat him to reconsider his attitude toward me. He replied to them that it was not in his power, for not long before he had publicly expressed his opin-

ion that a man who had punished others unheard ought not himself to have the privilege of speech. How dignified! how patriotic! A punishment inflicted by the Senate, with the approval of every respectable citizen, on those who would have burned Rome, murdered her magistrates and the Senate, and fanned the flames of a wide-spreading war, he would now inflict on one who had freed the Senate from murder, the capital from fire, and Italy from war. And so I withstood your brother to his face, for in the Senate, on the first of January, I so argued with him about the state that he saw he had to deal with a man resolute and determined. Upon the third of January, when he opened the debate, about every third word in his speech was aimed at me, or contained a threat against me. Nothing could be more deliberate than his attempt to effect my ruin by any means whatever, and that not by legal trial or argument, but by a violent and bullying attack. Had I not brought spirit and determination to meet his reckless onslaught, who could fail to believe that the resolution displayed in my consulship was due not to deliberation, but to chance? If you have not been aware that such was Metellus's attitude toward me, you should think that your brother has suppressed some of the most material circumstances from you; while, if he has taken you into his counsels at all, I have a right to be credited with having shown great moderation of temper for not remonstrating with you about this very incident. And if you see now that I was aroused not by a word from Metellus, as you represent it, but by his deliberate and bitter animosity against myself, let me point out to you my forbearance, if indifference and laxity about resenting so malicious an attack deserves the name of forbearance. Never once did I speak for any motion attacking your brother; whenever any action was taken, I supported without

rising those who seemed most moderate in their proposals. I will add this too, that what I ought not to have troubled myself about I regarded without disfavor, and indeed supported the proposal that my assailant, since he was your brother, should be granted a bill of indemnity. Thus I have not attacked your brother, but repelled his attacks. Nor has my attachment to yourself been as light as you say, but it is so strong that, although deserted by your attentions, I still entertain feelings of friendship for you. Even at this very moment this is what I have to say in answer to your almost threatening letter; I not only pardon your indignation, but applaud it highly, for my own feelings teach me to remember how strong is the love between brothers. From you I ask that you will be a similar judge for my sense of wrong. If I have been bitterly, cruelly, and unreasonably attacked by one who is dear to you, I claim the admission not only that I was in the right not to yield, but that I might have called on you, and your army too, to have aided me in so doing. I have always desired you as my friend; I have now striven hard to convince you that I have been a true friend to you. To these sentiments I still adhere, and as long as you permit me will continue to retain them. I would far rather forget my resentment against your brother from love of you, than permit that resentment in the smallest degree to impair our good-will to each other.

V. (FAM. V. 7.)

Allow me to express my good wishes for the prosperity of yourself and the army.

Like every one else, I derived unspeakable pleasure from your public dispatch. For you have displayed as complete a prospect of peace as I always held out to all in my reliance on you. But I must mention that

those who were once your enemies, but now your friends, terribly stunned by your dispatch and disturbed in their great hopes, lie prostrate. As to your letter addressed to me, although it contained but scanty expressions of your regard for me, it was, I assure you, most welcome; for in nothing do I so much rejoice as in the consciousness of duties performed. Even if they are not duly responded to, I willingly allow the excess of obligation to be on my side. I have not a doubt that if my devotion to you has failed to win your regard, our state will be a bond of sympathy and union between us. But that you may know what I felt was wanting in your letter, I will write openly as my own inclination and our friendship require. I have done such things that I expected some recognition of them in your letter, both on public grounds and on account of our personal intimacy. This I suppose you omitted because you feared wounding the feelings of some one. But I assure you that what I did for our country's safety has met with the approval and acknowledgment of the whole world. When you come you will find that I acted with such discretion as well as spirit, that you will gladly allow me, like Lælius, and not much his inferior, to be associated in public affairs and by the ties of friendship with you, a greater Scipio than Africanus. •

VI. (FAM. V. 5.)

Although I had decided to send you no letter except one of commendation,—not because I knew it had much weight with you, but that I might not show to those who questioned me that our harmony had been disturbed,—yet since Atticus, who is well aware of my zealous regard for you, and is fond of you and devoted to me, is going to you, I feel I must write something, especially as otherwise I cannot satisfy Atticus him-

well. If I should claim even your highest services, no one ought to wonder at it; for I have contributed everything for you, which will be for your advantage, honor, and position. That you have made me no return for these favors, you yourself can best testify; that even something the very opposite has proceeded from you, I have heard from many, for I do not venture to say I have not suffered. Just perhaps I may use the very words which were reported to me I prefer you to understand from Atticus, to whom they gave no less concern than they do me, than to learn them from a letter of mine. If what were my intentions toward you, look on, Scipio, and the people of Rome can bear witness. How grateful you have been to me, you can yourself judge. How much you owe me, others decide. What I do for many for your own sake, I brought to you through good will, and finally through constancy. In no other matter, believe me, needs my zeal, attention, and labor in greater proportion. I shall not be idle, by going away and wasting my labor, I will not have my energy in that direction. But if I see that you have no affairs, I shall not make myself seem so anxious. What and of what kind the trouble is, you will learn from Atticus. And I so commend Atticus to you, that, although on his own account I am sure you will do everything, yet I will beg of you, if you have anything left for me, show it all in your dealings with Atticus. You can do me no greater favor than this.

VII. (ATT. I. 17.)

A great instability and alteration of opinion and mind in our other Quintus has been shown me from your letters, in which you sent me copies of his letters. So I feel as much anxiety as my great regard for both

of you ought to cause me, and I wondered what had happened to offend my brother Quintus so deeply or to change his feelings so entirely. Now, for some time I have understood what I saw you too suspected on your departure from us, that he was nursing disagreeable thoughts, and his feelings were wounded and some unpleasant suspicions had settled in his mind. I wished to soothe his feelings often before the lot for the province was drawn, and even more strongly after it. I did not know he was so deeply offended as your letter shows, nor did I go as far as I wished. Yet I consoled myself with the thought that I had no doubt of his seeing you in Dyrrhachium, or somewhere else where you may be. I felt confident, and persuaded myself that when the meeting had taken place everything would be amicably settled between you, not by an argumentative discussion, but by the very sight of each other as you met. For there is no reason why I should write to you what you already know, how much kindness my brother Quintus has, how much courtesy, and how ready his heart is to receive and forget an offence. But it was very unfortunate that you nowhere saw him; for what the tricks of certain men impressed upon him carried more weight with him than duty, obligation, or the love he used to have for you, all of which should have availed most with him. But who was to blame for this unfortunate affair I can easier conjecture than write; for I fear that, while I am defending my relatives, I am not sparing yours, for I know this, even if the wound has not been caused by members of the family, they could certainly have cured that which existed. But the blame of the whole matter, which is somewhat more extensive than it seems, I will explain to you at some time when you are here. As to those letters which he wrote you from Thessalonica and the remarks which you think he made both at Rome to your friends and

on the journey I do not know what it was which induced him to write as I speak so, but all my hope of clearing up this misunderstanding rests upon your forbearance. These things will easily be settled, as I hope if you have often the temper of even the best men are called and then soothed, and that this agitated temper is the expression, and pliability of nature is generally a mark of goodness and, what is more, of wisdom, so that mutually bear each other's weaknesses, faults and wrongs. I beg you to do so; for I know that you are especially dear, am greatly interested that you should be no one of my friends who does not care for me, in whom return you do not care for. That part of my letter was the least important in which I set forth what opportunities of advantage, either in the provinces or in the city you have passed over. But at that time and during my own consulship I was so sincerely and greatness of soul I have proved, and I have never considered that there was any difference between a bad and different choice of life. A certain ambition impelled me to seek for honors, but a more powerful duty called you to an honorable leisure. It is not only of your uprightness, your diligence, and your modesty, I act neither myself nor any one else, as I truly I concede to you the first rank amongst men after my brother and relatives. I have seen and have proved through all the vicissitudes of joy and anxiety and joy in my varied circumstances. Your manifestation of joy at praise which I gave was pleasing to me, and grateful was your sympathy with my anxiety. But now while you are away from me I feel the want, not only of the superior advice which you give me, but also the pleasant talks which I enjoy so much with you. I miss you most—what shall I say in affairs of state in which I may not be remiss, or in my work in the court, a duty which I

formerly performed through ambition, and now in order to be able to guard my position with credit, or in my private affairs themselves. In these matters, both before and especially after the departure of my brother, I miss you and our talks. Finally, neither my work nor recreation, my occupation nor leisure, my work in the court-room nor at home, my public nor private interests, can longer bear the want of your most agreeable and loving advice and conference. Often diffidence forbade us both to mention these things; but now it is necessary because of that part of your letter in which you wished to excuse and justify yourself and your conduct. And in this estrangement and offence which he has taken against you there is this satisfaction, that both I and your other friends knew that you had at times declared your wish to refuse the government of a province, so that if you are not together it may seem to be not through any disagreement or variance on your side, but by your own will and judgment. So the breach will be healed and our friendship, which has been most tenderly preserved, will keep its sacredness. We live in this republic, weak, wretched, and subject to change; for I think you have heard that our knights have nearly been divided from the Senate; they first were very much troubled that it had been announced by a decree of the Senate that inquiry would be made about those who had accepted pay for judgment. In the decision of the matter, since I had happened not to be present and had understood that the knights were angry and did not speak openly, I rebuked the Senate as I thought best, with the greatest authority, and I spoke with some dignity and elaboration in a matter of such importance. Here is another beautiful instance of the conduct of the knights, which, intolerable as it is, I have not only endured, but defended. Those who farmed out Asia from the censors complained in the

Senate that they had failed in their expectations and had taken the contract at too high a price. They demanded that the contract be annulled. I was leader among their supporters, or rather second, for Crassus moved them to dare to demand this. The matter was odious, the demand disgraceful and an acknowledgment of a poor decision. There was the greatest danger that if they should obtain nothing they would be completely estranged from the Senate; I indeed helped the matter on and brought it about that they found the Senate, which was assembled with a full attendance, most kindly disposed to them. On the first of December and the day after, I spoke at length about the dignity and harmony of the classes. Up to this time, the matter has not been concluded, but the willingness of the Senate has been perceived. One man, Metellus, the consul elect, spoke on the other side. That friend of ours, Cato, was going to speak, but he had no opportunity as the day was near its close. Thus, while I preserve my own method and policy, I defend as I can the harmony which I have secured. Nevertheless, since these ties of yours are weak, I am guarding a way which I hope is safe to maintain my property. The method is one which I cannot satisfactorily explain to you in writing, yet I will give you a slight hint of it. I am on the best of terms with Pompey. I see what you will say; I will be as cautious as I ought, and I will write another letter to you about my plans for undertaking none of the responsibilities of the state. I must tell you that Lucceius intends at once to apply for the consulship, for it is said that only two are candidates for it. Caesar thinks of uniting with him through Arrius, and Bibulus thinks he can be joined with him through C. C. Piso. You smile? These things are not laughing matters, believe me. What else shall I write you? Why, there are many things; but if you are will-

ing to wait to hear of them till another time. let me know. Now, inopportunately I ask that which I especially wish, that you come as soon as you can. December 5.

VIII. (ATT. I. 18.)

I must tell you that I lack nothing so much as some one with whom to discuss whatever troubles me, who will love me, who will be discreet, with whom I may speak from my heart, and need neither pretend, hide, nor conceal anything. For my most blameless and loving brother is away. Metellus is no man, only "earth and air and nothing but solitude!" But you, who so often by your counsel and advice lightened my trouble and anxiety of mind, in public affairs my aid, in all private affairs my confidant, and sharer in all my discussions and plans, where are you? I am so forsaken by all, that I have only as much repose as I find with my wife and little daughter and darling Cicero. For these hollow friendships of politics have a certain show and glitter externally; domestic enjoyment they do not bring. So when my house is filled with visitors in the morning, when attended by numbers of my friends I go to the Forum, I can from all the crowd find no one with whom I can be on easy terms or into whose ear I can breathe a sigh. So I wait for you, I want to see you, I even summon you; for there are many things which trouble me and make me anxious. I think if I could pour these into your ears, I could be rid of them during the conversation of a single walk. All the stings and pricks of family cares I will hide, and will not commit them to this letter and to some unknown letter-carrier. But they—for I do not wish you to be anxious—are not very troublesome, yet they do exist and they worry me, and are not quieted by the advice and conversation of any loving friend. Truly in the republic,

although my mind is bold, yet my readiness itself repeatedly fails me. For, that brieny I may mention those things which were done after your departure, now you must be impressed that the Roman state cannot be permanent. As I think, after you left, the story of Clodius made its first entrance. In this having found, as I thought, a place for cutting off lust and restraining the youth, I eagerly exerted all the powers of my heart and mind, not led by personal hatred of any one, but by the hope of improving and correcting the state. The republic was disordered by the judges whose votes had been purchased by debauchery. See what were the consequences; a consul was foisted upon us such that no one except those of us who were philosophical could look on him without a sigh. What a plague is this! Although there had been a decree of the Senate about bribery, about votes, no law was passed, the Senate was deterred from its proposed measures, the Roman knights were estranged. So that year pulled down the two supports of the republic which I established by my own efforts; for it overthrew the authority of the Senate, and destroyed the harmony of the classes. Now this glorious year is at hand! Its beginning was such that the annual rites of Juventas were not celebrated, for Memmius initiated the wife of Marcus Lucullus with his own rites. Menelaus, much incensed, divorced her; although the other shepherd of Ida insulted Menelaus alone, this Paris of ours did not deem Menelaus less a freedman than Agamemnon. There is moreover Caius Herennius, a tribune of the people, whom you perhaps do not even know—although you may know him, for he is of your tribe, and his father Sextus used to divide coins among your tribesmen—he is trying to transfer Publius Clodius to the common people, and he makes the whole people vote

on the Campus Martius about the affair of Clodius. I have received him in the Senate as I am accustomed, but nothing is more unconcerned than that man. Metellus is a remarkable consul and is devoted to me; but he endangers his authority in having proposed for the sake of appearances the same measure about Clodius. And the son of Aulus, O immortal gods! how ignorant and spiritless a soldier he is! how deserving to expose himself as he does daily to the censure of Paeanus! And an Agrarian law has been proposed by Flavius, ill-considered, and about the same as the Plotian law. But a real statesman, or a ghost of one, cannot be found. The real statesman, Pompey, my friend—for such he is, as I wish you to know—is guarding his robe of triumph in silence. Crassus says not a word against his popularity. Now you know others who are so foolish, that they seem to hope in the ruin of the state that their own fish-ponds will be saved. There is one who protects it, as it seems, more by diligence and uprightness than by foresight and intelligence, Cato, who has been worrying for three months the wretched farmers of the revenue who have been adherents of his. He does not allow a reply to be given them by the Senate; so we are compelled to make no further decision before a reply is made to these revenue-farmers. Therefore I think the embassies will be put off. Now you see on what waves we are tossed, and if you perceive some things I have omitted in regard to the matters about which I have written so much, come back to me at last, and although these troubles to which I call you are to be avoided, nevertheless see that you value my love so much that you wish to enjoy it even with these hindrances; for that you may not be registered in your absence, I will see that your coming is announced everywhere; for it is the mark of a good business man

to be registered in the census. So take care that I shall see you as soon as possible. Farewell. January 22, in the consulship of Quintus Metellus and Lucius Afranius.

IX. (ATT. I. 19.)

Not only if I had as much leisure as you have, but too if I were willing to send as short letters as you usually do, I would easily exceed you and would write much more frequently than you; but, in addition to my unparalleled and laborious pursuits, I am not willing that any letter of mine should go to you without the material and expression of thought. And first I will tell you, as it is right for a lover of his country, what is the condition of the state; then, since we are closely related in bonds of affection, I will write of my own affairs what I am sure you will not be loath to hear. There is in the republic now especially a fear of a war with Gaul; for the Ædui, our allies, are fighting, the Sequani have fought badly, and the Helvetii without doubt are in arms and are invading the province. The Senate decreed that the consuls should choose two divisions of Gaul by lot, that troops should be levied, no exemptions should be allowed, and legates should be sent with authority to go to the states of Gaul and do their best not to have them ally themselves with the Helvetii. The legates are Quintus Metellus Creticus and Lucius Flaccus and, pains thrown away, Lentulus, the son of Clodianus. And here I must not omit to tell you that when the lot fell to me first of the men of consular rank, the Senate over and over unanimously declared I must be kept in the city; the same thing afterwards happened to Pompey, so we two seemed kept as it were as pledges for the republic. Why should I hope for added praises of others, when these arise at home? Such is the state of affairs in the city.

The Agrarian law is strongly pressed by Flavius, the tribune of the people, on the motion of Pompey, a law which has nothing attractive to the people but its proposer. With the consent of the assembly I excluded from the bill all those measures which tended to the inconvenience of private citizens; I exempted the land which was public property in the consulship of Publius Mucius and Lucius Calpurnius. I upheld the possessions of the men of Sulla's party. I allowed the men of Volaterræ and Aretium to remain in possession of the land which Sulla had confiscated and had not divided. I did not remove the measure to buy land with that money which accrues from new taxes during five years. To this whole Agrarian movement the Senate was opposed, suspecting that Pompey was seeking some new power; Pompey in truth had inclined to the desire of carrying out the law; I moreover, with the earnest support of those who favored the Agrarian law, made the possessions of all private men secure—for our army, as you too know, is comprised of men rich in lands—I satisfied the people and Pompey, an end which I desired, by buying the land. By the accomplishment of this I thought the dregs of the city would be drawn off, and the desolate parts of Italy be filled. But this whole movement was broken up and interrupted by the war. Metellus is a fairly good consul and reasonably devoted to my interests; that other one is of so little account that he clearly does not know what he has bought. This is the condition of the state, unless you think this also concerns the state that a certain Herennius, tribune of the people, one of your tribe, a man really worthless and needy, has often now begun to act about the transference of Publius Clodius to the common people; there is much opposition to him. So much as I think for the republic. Moreover, as I gained once for all on that fifth of December an extraordinary and immortal

glory, though it brought with it the ill-will and enmity of many, I have not ceased from interesting myself in the state with that same greatness of mind, and guarding that position which I had begun to hold. As soon as I saw the lightness and weakness of the sentences in the acquittal of Clodius, then I saw that our tax-gatherers were being easily separated from the Senate, although they were not from myself; then too that those happy men—these fish-pond men, I mean, your friends—were not opposed to me in secret, I thought I must gain some greater resources and stronger guards. So first I brought that Pompey, who too long had maintained silence about my affairs, to such a friendly spirit, that in the Senate, not once but often, and at length, he attributed to me the safety of the state and the whole world; this was not so much concern to me as to the state, for the matter is neither so hidden as to lack a witness nor so uncertain in result as to lack praise. Because there were some bad men who thought I would have some trouble with Pompey on account of our disagreement about these matters, I have allied myself to him so closely that each of us can be more firm in his own policy and the state more stable by this union. Moreover, the hatred of me entertained by licentious and dainty young men has been so softened by my courtesy that they all treat me with great respect. I do nothing harsh to any one, nor anything of a popular and coarse nature. My whole policy is so moderate that I show faithfulness to the interests of the state. I use a certain caution and discretion in my private affairs because of the weakness of the good, the wickedness of the evil-minded, and the hatred of the infamous toward me. Yet I am so involved with these new ties that often that subtle Epicharmus of Sicily whispers that saying of his, “Be wary and mistrustful; the sinews of the soul are these.” But, as I think, you see

as it were the form of my purpose and life. You often write me about your affairs, which I cannot now aid; for that measure of the Senate is in accordance with the desire of the lowest rank of senators, and by the authority of no one of us; for, that you saw I was present at the drawing up of the bill, from that very decree of the Senate you can know a different matter was proposed. This, however, about the freedmen was added without reason, and was so done by Publius Servilius the younger, who was among the last to express his opinion, but cannot be altered at this time. So the meetings which at first were crowded, finally ceased altogether. If you get by your flatteries any coins from the Sicyonians, I wish you would let me know. I sent you a history of my consulship written in Greek. If there is in it anything which seems not the best Greek and learned, I shall not say what as I think Lucullus said at Panormus of his own histories, that he had scattered in certain rude and uncouth expressions, in order to prove more easily that they were the work of a Roman. If there is anything of that kind in my work, it is the result of my carelessness and oversight. If I finish the history of Latium, I will send it to you. Be on the watch for a poem for the third thing, so that I may not lack that kind of self-praise. Don't say here, "Who his father shall praise," for if there is anything among men which is superior, let it be praised. Let me be despised in not rather praising other things; although what I write is not panegyric, but historical. My brother Quintus excuses himself to me by letter and says that he has not said anything detrimental about you to any one; in fact, these things must be treated face to face with great care and discretion. Only come again. This Cossinius to whom I have given this letter is in my estimation an exceedingly good fellow, and seems trust-

worthy and fond of you, and such as your letter to me indicated him to be. March 15.

X. (Att. II. 1.)

On the first of June, as I was starting for Antium, and was very glad to be out of the way of Metellus's exhibition of gladiators, I met your messenger. He gave me a letter from you, and a memoir of my consulship written in Greek; whereupon, I congratulated myself that long before this I had given Cossinius my treatise on the same subject, also in Greek, to take to you; because had I read yours first you would be accusing me of having pilfered from you. And yet your notes—for I read them with delight—did seem to me perhaps a trifle rough and unadorned, but still not without a certain attractiveness, from their very refusal of borrowed attractions, and, as they say of women, "all the sweeter from having no added sweets." Whereas my book, besides exhausting Isocrates's dressing-case, and all the rouge-pots of his school, had a touch of Aristotle's coloring as well. You dipped hastily into it (as I understand from another letter of yours) at Corcyra, but afterwards, I suppose, had a copy sent you through Cossinius. I should not have ventured to send it to you unless I had found leisure to revise it minutely and critically. And yet the answer I have just had from Posidonius at Rhodes is that on reading the *mémoire* I sent him that he might write more elaborately on the same theme, so far from finding himself more disposed to write, he has been fairly discouraged. The fact is, that I have taken the Greek population utterly aback, so that for the most part those who were very pressing for me to give them notes to elaborate, have not desisted from persecuting me. Will you be good enough, if you like the book, to take care that it

makes its way to Athens and the other towns of Greece, because I think it may possibly throw some light on my whole policy? As for my "speechlets," such as they are, I will send those you ask for, and some others too, since what I put into writing from interest in the emulation of some lads, can give pleasure to you too. Just as your countryman, Demosthenes, gained lustre by his series of speeches which we call Philippics, and detached himself from our quibbling style of pleading in the courts in favor of the higher rôle of the *homme d'état*, so it suited my purpose to prepare a similar collection of my own, to be entitled "Consular Speeches." One of these was delivered in the Senate on the first of January; the second was an address to the people on the Agrarian law; the third is on Otho; the fourth my defence of Rabirius; the fifth about the sons of persons proscribed; the sixth is my public renunciation of the right to a province; the seventh is the one by which I drove Catiline from the city; the eighth I addressed to the people the day after his flight; the ninth was delivered in the assembly on the day when the Allobroges made their appeal; and the tenth in the Senate on the fifth of December. There are besides two short ones, fragments, if I may so call them, of the Agrarian law. This whole collection I will take care that you have; and since you feel interested not only in my writings but my actions, you will find in these speeches a full account of what I have been doing as well as what I have been saying. Otherwise you should not have asked for them; it was not I, you know, who tried to thrust myself upon you. You ask me why I write for you to come here, and saying at the same time that you are much hindered by business, though you do not refuse to come if it be really necessary, or even if I desire it. Well, the truth is that there is no positive necessity; but still it did seem to me that you might

arrange the time for your various tours abroad more conveniently. You are too long away at a time, especially considering that you are really near; and so while I miss your companionship, you have to do without me. And though just now, it is true, all is quiet, yet if the madness of that pretty youth were allowed to go but a step or two further, I should most decidedly summon you from your retreat. He, for the matter of that, is a consul who really loves his country, and, as I have always held, is naturally well disposed. That other personage is aiming, however, not in bravado, but quite seriously, at being elected tribune of the people. When this question was brought on for discussion in the Senate I smashed the fellow, severely exposing his sudden conversion in becoming a candidate for the tribuneship, whereas in Sicily he had frequently stated that his object was the *ædileship*; not that we, I remarked, need to trouble ourselves overmuch; he might become a plebeian, but he would no more be allowed to bring us to ruin than the patricians of his type had been allowed in my consulship. So again, when the same personage declared he had travelled here in six days from the channel, leaving no one time as much as to come out and meet him, and that he had made his entry by night, and had boasted of this in the Senate, I retorted that for him it was no such unheard-of thing to travel to Rome from Sicily in six days; within three hours he had passed the distance between Interamna and Rome. He had entered in the night as before; no one had come to meet him even when there was good reason for doing so. In a word, I am giving his insolence a good lesson, not merely by serious and elaborate speeches, but by this kind of repartee. So now I use a tone of bantering familiarity with him to his face. Once even, when we were escorting our candidate home, he asked me if I usually reserved my Sicilian

clients a place at the games; I said, No. "Well then," said he, "I being their new patron, shall start the idea, though my sister, who has so much of the consul's space at her disposal, only allows me just one foot." "Do not," said I, "complain of your sister giving you only one foot; I am sure she would let you take more than a foot from her." Not the retort for a consul, you will say. I plead guilty, but I cannot stand that woman, so unfit as she is to be a consul's wife. For she is so quarrelsome, she is at daggers-drawn with her husband, not only with Metellus, but Fabius too, because she is so displeased that they are friendly to me. As for the Agrarian law about which you ask me, as a matter of fact, it seems now to have cooled down. Since you lecture me, though your handling seems very gentle, about my intimacy with Pompey, I should not like you to imagine that I ally myself to him only to secure my own protection; but things were so circumstanced, that if there chanced to be any disagreement between us, most serious party dissensions must have become prevalent. Now I have guarded against the danger beforehand with all this precaution, not at all that I myself may begin to decline from those high principles of policy, but that he may be inclined to better things, and to lay aside much of his weak, popular subserviency. And you should know that he speaks in far higher terms of my policy, which so many people were urging him to attack, than of his own; what he claims for himself is that he has guarded the state, for me that I have saved it. How far his doing this is an advantage to me I cannot tell; unquestionably it is an advantage to the country. Supposing I bring over Caesar too, who is now sailing triumphantly before the breeze, to the better side, am I then greatly injuring the constitutional cause? Even if no one were jealous of me, even if all supported me as they ought to do, we ought none the

less to adopt any system of treatment which would heal the unsound members of the state in preference to one which would cut them off. But now, when all our chivalry, all the men whom once I posted on the slopes of the Capitol under your standard, have left the Senate to fight alone; when our nobles think they have all but reached the skies if they have red mullet in their fish-ponds that will come to be fed, and deem everything else trifling in comparison, do you not think I am doing considerable service if I succeed in taking the will for mischief from those who have the power? Not that you yourself can love Cato more than I do, but still at times, and with the very best intentions and the most stainless honor, he does positive harm to his country; for he talks as if he were living in Plato's state, and not as we are, in the Rogues' Asylum of Romulus. What can be fairer than that a man should be brought to trial who has taken a bribe to pervert judgment? So urged Cato, and the Senate assented. Result—a war of the middle class against the Senate; not against me, for I expressed my dissent. What more outrageous than the tax-gatherers repudiating their contract? Yet the loss should have been sustained so as to retain the good-will of that class. Cato fought against this and carried his point, the consequence being now that, with a consul flung into prison, and with seditious movements stirring again and again, not one would give us a good wish of the very men by whose readiness to rally around us both I and the consuls who followed me always defended the state. “What, then,” you will say, “are we to buy the support of your friends? What must we do if we cannot help ourselves? Are we to be at the beck of freedmen, ay, and of slaves?” But, as you say, enough of the serious. Favonius has carried my tribe with more flying colors than his own, but

has lost Luceius's. He has prosecuted Nasica, and straightforwardly enough, it is true, but grinding his words in such a way that one would fancy that when at Rhodes he had to grind in some mill that was not Molon's mill. To me, for having undertaken the defence, he was mildly reproachful. But now he is again a candidate—only for the public good! What Luceius is about I will let you know as soon as I have seen Cæsar, who will be here in a couple of days. For the Sicyonians keeping you out of your due you may thank Cato and Servilius, who apes him. Well, does not that blow touch many a good citizen? However, the Senate has so pleased, therefore let us assent: only then let us be left alone in any future division of opinion. My Amalthea is awaiting you and much wants your advice. I am charmed with my places at Tusculum and Pompeii, except that I find (I, who am the champion of creditors!) how they swallow up loads of good metal, not so much in Corinthian bronze as in the humbler medium of the exchange. We have hopes that all is quiet in Gaul. You may expect my book on "Prognostics" almost immediately, with a few speeches: but do write what are your intentions about coming, for Pomponia desired a message to be sent to me that you would be at Rome in July, which does not agree with the letter you sent me about your rents. Pictus, as I told you before, has given me the books he believes his brother has left. Whether I ever get this present depends now on your looking after it. I implore you to see that they are kept safe and brought to me; nothing could oblige me more than this; and will you be careful to keep his Greek books, and still more particularly his Latin ones? This I will consider to be your contribution. I have written to Octavius. I did not speak to him personally; indeed I did not know that your business had anything

to do with the province, nor did I venture to class you among the paltrier tribe, that "breed of barren metal"; but I have written to him, as in duty bound, very strongly.

XI. (ATT. II. 5.)

I am indeed, and have been for some time, desirous of visiting Alexandria and the rest of Egypt, and at the same time to leave the men who have grown tired of me, and to return when they wish for me; but now and with these men to send me, "I fear the Trojans and the trailing-robed Trojan women." For what will our best men, if any are left, say? That I have changed my opinion for a reward? "Polydamas will be the first to cast reproach on me," my friend Cato, who is to me one of a hundred thousand. What truly will history say of me six hundred years from now? That is a judgment I reverence much more than the gossip of the men of to-day. But suppose I wait and see; for if the mission is offered, I shall have a certain power, and then will consider it; for there is truly some honor in not accepting; so, if Theophanes sounds you on the subject, do not wholly refuse it for me. I am waiting for word from you about matters where you are; what Arrius says, how he bears his desertion, and what consuls are proposed, whether, as is common talk, Pompey and Crassus, or, as is written, Servius Sulpicius with Gabinus, or whether there are any new laws, or any news at all, and since Nepos is gone, to whom the office of augur is given. To that office alone these men could tempt me. You see my changeableness. But why do I inquire about these things? I wish to lay these matters all aside and devote my whole thought and attention to philosophy. This, I say, is in my mind; I wish it had been from the beginning; now, in truth, since what I supposed to be glorious I have found to be hol-

low, I intend to pay court to all the Muses. Yet be sure to write me about Curtius, whether any one is proposed in his place, and what becomes of Publius Clodius. As you promised, write everything at your leisure. I wish you let me know the day when you think you will leave Rome, that I may send you word where I shall be, and you may at once write of the matters of which I have written you, for I eagerly await your letters.

XII. (ATT. II. 6.)

In regard to the promise I made you in a previous letter that some work would result from this journey, I cannot positively state anything; for I am so attached to leisure that I cannot be torn from it; so I either revel in books, a delightful quantity of which I have at Antium, or I count the waves—for the stormy weather is not suitable for catching fish. My mind shrinks from writing. For geography, which I had determined upon, is a great task; Eratosthenes, whom I had taken as a model, is so harshly criticised by Serapio and Hipparchus. What do you think, if Tyrannio is agreed with them? And in fact the phenomena are hard to explain, and they are monotonous and cannot be written in as ornamental a style as I thought. The principal point is, I have a reason sufficiently cogent for abandoning the plan, as I am uncertain whether I shall settle down at Antium and here spend all this time, where I should prefer to be magistrate, than at Rome. You were truly more wise in making yourself a home at Buthrotum. But believe me, this state of Antium is very like that town. Should you suppose there was a place so near Rome where there are many who never saw Vatinius? Where I am the only man who wishes any one of the twenty commissioners alive and well? Where no one disturbs me and all love me? Here,

here, let me be a statesman; for where you are living I not only may be one, but I grow weary of it. So the anecdotes in the style of Theopompus, or even much more biting, which we read together, comfort me. Now I have no other public occupation than to hate the wicked, and that too not with any irritation, but with a certain pleasure in writing. But to the point: I have written to the questors of the city about the affair of my brother Quintus; see what they say, what hope there is of the denarii, or whether we must languish on Pompey's cistophorus. Moreover, decide what must be done about the wall. Is there anything else I had to say? Yes. Let me know when you intend to set out on your journey.

XIII. (ATT. II. 11.)

I assure you, I seem actually banished since being at Formiæ; for there was not a day while I was at Antium when I did not know better what was going on at Rome than the men who were in Rome. For your letters showed what was going on, not only at Rome, but also in the whole state, and not merely the condition of affairs, but what was going to happen;—now I can know nothing except what I can learn from a passing traveller. So, although I look for your coming, yet give to the messenger, whom I have told to come back to me immediately, a heavy letter, filled not only with everything which has been done, but also your opinions. Be sure to let me know the day when you will leave Rome. I intend to be at Formiæ till the sixth of May; if you have not come before then, perhaps I shall see you at Rome. Why should I invite you to Arpinum? “Rough, but a good nurse, nor can I indeed see anything sweeter than that land.” So much then. Take care of your health.

XIV. (ATT. II. 14.)

How much you arouse my curiosity about the words of Bibulus, the chat of the large-eyed one, and that dainty banquet! So forthwith be sure to come as to hungry ears; although there is nothing now which I think we need to fear more than that Sampsiceramus of ours, when he feels that he is lashed by the words of all men and sees these deeds undone, may begin to grow desperate. I too am so weakened that I would rather live under a tyranny in the leisure in which I now languish than to contend even with the best hope of success. As to your frequent advice about composing, nothing can be done; I have a public house, not a country residence; the inhabitants of Formiæ flock here and the Æmilian tribe make it a meeting-place. But I disregard the throng; after the fourth hour the rest are not troublesome; Caius Arrius is my nearest neighbor, and he is so much a companion for me that he even says he does not go to Rome that he may converse whole days with me on philosophy. Then on the other side is Sebosus, that friend of Catulus. Where shall I turn? I would surely go at once to Arpinum if I did not know that you are expected very opportunely in Formiæ at least by the sixth of May. You see to what men I direct my attention. A great opportunity while these men are at my house if any one wishes to buy the estate at Formiæ! And yet shall I second this saying, "What shall we undertake, important and demanding much thought and time?" Yet I will give satisfaction and not spare my labor.

XV. (ATT. II. 17.)

By all means I feel as you write; Sampsiceramus is causing trouble. There is every reason why he is to be feared. "He is avowedly preparing a tyranny."

For what is the meaning of that unexpected marriage connection, the land in Campania, the lavish expenditure of money? If these were the last, yet these would be too much evil, but the affair is such that these cannot be the end; for how can these things in themselves delight these men? They would never have come to this, unless they were preparing for themselves the ways to other evil deeds. Assuredly, as you write, I will not bewail these matters at Arpinum on the tenth of May, lest the labor and preparation of my literary work may be for nothing, but I will bear it with peaceful mind. Immortal gods, hopefulness does not comfort me, as it did formerly, so much as indifference, which I employ in nothing so much as in this matter of state and public interest; moreover too, whatever light and unambitious qualities I have—for it is a fine thing to know one's own weaknesses—are delightfully satisfied; for I used to be troubled lest the merits of Sampiceramus to his country after six hundred years should appear greater than mine; but now I am free from this anxiety, for he is so fallen that Curius seems firm in his overthrow. But of this when I see you. Yet it seems to me that you will be in Rome at my arrival, which I shall be very glad of, if you can come conveniently. But if, as you write, you will so come, I wish you would find from Theophanes what is Alabarches' attitude toward me. You will as usual inquire accurately, and bring me hints from him as it were, how to conduct myself; from his words I can guess something about the general condition of affairs.

XVI. (ATT. II. 20.)

In accordance with what I understood to be your wish, I have failed Anicatus under no stress of circumstance. I gladly received Numestius into my friendship

on account of your earnestly written letter ; I am carefully watching over Cæcilius in every way I can. Varro satisfies me ; Pompey loves me and holds me dear. "Do you believe it?" you will ask. I do believe it. Further than that, he gives me proof of it. But since generally practical men in all their writings, precepts, and maxims order us to be cautious, and forbid us to be trustful, I follow the first advice, to be cautious, but the other, not to trust, I cannot follow. Till now Clodius warns me of danger ; Pompey asserts that there is no danger ; he swears it, he even adds that he would be killed by it, before I would be touched. The affair is being managed. As soon as it is arranged I will write to you. If there is need of fighting, I will call you to take part in the work ; if peace is granted, I will not call you away from Amalthea. I will write to you about the state briefly, for now I am much afraid that every letter will betray us, and so after this, if I have more to write to you, I will hide under assumed names. Now indeed the state is dying of a new kind of illness, so that although everybody blames, finds fault with and grieves over those things which are now going on, and there is but one opinion about them, all speak openly and groan. Yet no remedy is provided. For we think we cannot resist it without strife of some kind, and we do not see what will be the result of yielding to it except destruction. Bibulus, through the admiration and good-will of men, is on the summit of prosperity. Men write down and read his edicts and his orations ; he has come into the highest glory in a strange way ; now there is nothing so popular as popular hatred. I am afraid of the outcome of these conditions. I will write to you more unreservedly if I begin to notice anything. If you love me as much as you surely do, be quick to hasten to me if I call upon you. But I am taking care, and shall so continue that this may not be necessary.

As to my having written that I would write to you under the name of Furius, it is not necessary for you to change your name ; I will call myself Lælius and you, Atticus ; and I will not use my own hand-writing nor my seal, if my letters are of such a kind that I should not wish them to fall into the hands of another. Diodotus is dead ; he left me about 10,000,000 sesterces. Bibulus dismissed the comitia according to the Archilo-chian edict on the eighteenth of October. I received the books from Vibius, a foolish poet, although he knows something and is not entirely useless. I will send you a copy.

XVII. (ATT. II. 24.)

In the letter I gave to Numestius, I entreated you so much to come that nothing could have been more urgent or pressing ; to the speed I then urged add even more now if you possibly can. Do not, however, alarm yourself (I know you well, and cannot forget how anxious and apprehensive love is), for after all the matter is, I hope, likely to turn out not so formidable in the result as it seems in the telling. It seems clear to me that Vettius, who used to be my informer, has promised Cæsar to contrive that the younger Curio shall fall under suspicion of plotting. With this object he wormed himself into intimacy with the lad, and after frequent conferences with him, as the evidence proves, went so far as to say that he himself was fully determined to make his slaves attack Pompey and murder him. Curio reported this to his father, and he to Pompey ; and the matter eventually came before the Senate. Vettius, on being put into the box, at first denied that he had ever had any meetings by appointment with Curio. Of course this did not last long ; very soon he claimed a pledge of indemnity for his evidence, amid

eries of "No." He then gave out that there had been an association of young men, headed by Curio, among whom originally had been Lucius Paulus, Quintus Cæpio (Brutus, I mean), and Lentulus, the son of the priest of Mars, whose father was aware of it; and that afterwards Caius Septimius, the secretary of Bibulus, had brought him a dagger from Bibulus. All of this was treated as ridiculous—that Vettius would have had to do without a dagger unless the consul gave him one!—and it was scouted all the more from the fact that, on the thirteenth of May, Bibulus had informed Pompey that he ought to be on his guard against treachery, for which Pompey had thanked him. Curio the younger, on being called, rebutted the statements of Vettius; and on that occasion Vettius was discredited mostly from his own assertion that the plot of these young men to make an attack on Pompey in the Forum at the exhibition of gladiators given by Gabinius was headed by Paulus, who was well known to have been in Macedonia at the time. A decree is passed that Vettius should be thrown into jail, because by his own confession he had carried arms; any magistrate who had given orders for his release would do so treasonably. The general impression left on people's minds was an idea it had been arranged for Vettius to be arrested in the Forum with a dagger, and his slaves, all of them armed, at the same time; that he should offer to give evidence; and that this would actually have taken place, had not the Curios first given information to Pompey. Afterwards the decree of the Senate was publicly read. However, on the next day Caesar, who once when prætor had forbidden Quintus Catulus to speak except from below the tribune, now brought Vettius forward actually on it, thus giving him the privilege of a place which the Consul Bibulus could scarcely venture to show himself near. Here he said

anything he was wished to about the matters of state, in a way to be expected from one who had come there fully primed and tutored. First he excepted the name of Cæpio from his remarks, though he had mentioned him by name most emphatically in the Senate, so it became clear that the night had given an opportunity for some nocturnal intercession. Next he named people on whom in the Senate he had not cast the least breath of suspicion: Lucullus, from whose house Caius Fannius, the same who supported the prosecution of Clodius, had, he said, been frequently sent to him; and Domitius, whose house had been fixed as the one from which the attack was to be made. He did not mention me by name, but said that a certain eloquent ex-consul, a near neighbor of the consul's, had remarked to him that what we wanted was to find some Servilius Ahala or Brutus. At the very last he added, on being recalled by Vatinius, after the assembly had been dismissed, that he had heard from Curio that Piso, my son-in-law, was privy to this plot, as also was Marcus Laterensis. Vettius is now being charged before Crassus Dives with disturbing the peace, and in event of being found guilty intends to claim leave to turn informer; and if he succeeds in this, there will probably be more than one prosecution. This I do not exactly disregard, for I am one who make it a principle to disregard nothing, but do not much fear. People show me the strongest tokens of their good-will, but I am utterly sick of life; everything is so full of every possible kind of trouble. A little while ago I feared a massacre, but this idea was dispelled by the speech of that stout-hearted veteran Quintus Considius. Now the kind of massacre I might have dreaded every day has risen up all of a sudden. In fine, it would be impossible to be more unhappy than I, or happier than Catulus, alike in the glory of his life and in not seeing these evil days. Still, amid

all these troubles I keep a good courage and unbroken spirit, and am maintaining my position with dignity and with the greatest vigilance. Pompey bids me have no fear about Clodius, and professes the greatest regard for me in all his speeches. I long to have you advise my actions, share my anxieties, and take part in all my thoughts; so, as I have desired Numestius to plead with you, I now again implore you as earnestly as ever, nay, if possible, even more so, to be sure to make haste to me. I shall feel new life in me when once I have set eyes on you.

XVIII. (ATT. II. 25.)

In future, if I have spoken in praise of any of your friends to you, I should like you to let them know that I have done so. For instance, I wrote you lately, you know, that Varro had been very kind to me, and you replied that it gave you extreme pleasure; but I should be better pleased to know you had written him that he is doing all I could wish—not that he is really doing so, but to get him to do it. For, as you are aware, he has a curious disposition, “not straightforward and nothing”;—but we have this saying: we must bear the follies of those in power. Yet, upon my word, how liberally, how nobly, how eloquently your other friend, Hortensius, extolled me to the skies in speaking of the praetorship of Flaccus, and that crisis about the Allobroges. I assure you it would be impossible to speak more affectionately and enthusiastically, or in a less grudging way. You understand, of course, that I want you to let him know that I have written this to you. But why should you write, when I suppose you are on your way already, and indeed almost here now? I have pleaded for this so much in my former letters. I am anxiously looking for you, and anxiously longing, and yet it is not so much I as the cause and the time that

are really calling for you. What can I write to you about these matters except the old story—that nothing is more hopeless than the constitution, nothing more hateful than those whose work all this is. For myself, as far as I believe, and hope, and can ascertain, I am supported by everybody's good-will. So come to me on wings; if you do not set me free from all my troubles, you will at least share them. I write the more briefly because, as I hope, we shall soon be able to meet and discuss anything we like. Farewell.

↓ XIX. (FAM. XIV. 4.)

I am writing you less often than I might because, though I am all times indeed completely miserable, yet truly while I am writing to you or reading your letters, I am so weakened by my tears that I cannot bear it. Oh! that I had been less eager for life! Certainly, then I should have seen nothing or not much of misery in life. But if fortune has preserved me to the hope of ever recovering blessings I have lost, I have not made so great a mistake. But if these troubles are permanent, I long to see you, my life, and die in your embrace, since the gods whom you have worshipped so piously, and the men to whom I have always devoted myself, have abandoned us. I was at Brundisium thirteen days at the house of Marcus Lænius Flaccus, an excellent man, who for the sake of my safety took no thought for the risk of his fortune and life, and he was not hindered by the penalty of that infamous law from offering the rites and duties of hospitality. May I be able some time to make requital to him! I shall always be grateful to him. I went from Brundisium the last day of April. I went to Cyzicus through Macedonia. Why should I, wretched and ruined as I am, ask you to come to me, you, a

woman weak in health, and worn out in body and mind? Why must I not ask you? Can I then exist without you? I suppose I shall do so; if there is a hope of my return, you may strengthen it and help the matter; but if, as I fear, it is all over, come to me in whatever way you can. This one thing be assured of, if I shall have you, I shall not think myself to have been wholly ruined. But what will become of my Tulliola? Do you both see to that. I can give no advice. But surely, whatever the circumstances are, that unhappy girl must preserve both her marriage portion and her reputation. What will my Cicero do? I wish that he were ever in the embrace of my arms. But I can write no more. Sorrow prevents me. I do not know what you have done, whether you still keep anything or, as I fear, you have been entirely ruined. I hope Piso will, as you write, always remain true to us. As to the manumission of the slaves, nothing need trouble you. In the first place, yours were promised that you would act toward them as each deserved; now, except Orpheus, there is no one of them who shows at present much sense of duty. With regard to the others, the condition made was that if my estate were confiscated, they would be my freedmen, if they could obtain permission. But if I preserved my estate, they should continue in slavery, except a very few. But this is of minor importance. As to your urging me to be of good cheer and hopeful of regaining my safety, I only wish that I may have reason to encourage such an expectation. Now, when shall I receive your letter—unhappy that I am? Who will bring it to me? I would have awaited it at Brundisium, if the sailors had allowed me, but they were unwilling to lose the fine weather. As to the rest, support yourself, my Terentia, as you can. I have lived with honor and have enjoyed prosperity. It is not my crimes, but my

virtue, that has ruined me. No sin is mine except that I have not lost my life with my honors. But if this was my children's wish that I live, let me endure the unendurable. And I who cannot encourage myself—I have sent back Clodius Philhæterum, a trustworthy fellow, because he was afflicted by a weakness of the eyes. Sallustius does his duty best of all. Pescennius is very friendly to me, and I trust he will always care for you. Sicca told me, he would stay by me, but he left me at Brundisium. Be sure to keep as well as you can, and remember that I am more troubled by your misfortunes than my own. My Terentia, most faithful and best of wives, my dearest little daughter, and Cicero, my remaining hope, farewell! Brundisium. April 30.

XX. (ATT. III. 7.)

I came to Brundisium April 18. That day your messengers gave me a letter from you, and three days after, other messengers brought another letter. You ask and urge me to come to your house in Epirus. Your kindness is very pleasant to me, and is not at all a new thing. That plan I should indeed desire if I could spend all my time there. For I despise publicity, I shun people, I almost loathe the light. A solitude like yours, especially in a familiar place, I should enjoy; but to go there for the sake of a resting-place, in the first place it is out of my way, then it is four days' journey from Antronius and the others, and then you are not there. For it would be of inestimable benefit to me to dwell in a fortified shelter, but it is not necessary as I journey. But if I dared, I would go to Athens. Indeed, it was falling out as I should wish; but now my enemies are there and you are not with me. I fear that they may not consider that town sufficiently far from Italy, and you do not write on what day I am

to expect you. In recalling me to life, you do one thing: you keep me from killing myself, but you cannot effect the other, not to make me sorry for my policy and conduct. For what is there which holds me back, especially if I have no hope to accompany me in my travels? I will not recount all the wretchedness which I have endured through the greatest injury and crime, not so much of my enemies, as of those who were envious, lest I renew my sorrow, and bring you into the same sadness; this I am sure of, that no one was ever overwhelmed with such calamity, no one ever longed more for death, whose time for an honorable death is past; the remaining time cannot heal, but only end my grief. About the republic, I see you are collecting everything which you think can bring any hope to me for a change in affairs. Though you can but slightly aid me, yet I enjoy waiting in expectation. Nevertheless, you will overtake me if you hasten; for I shall either be entering Epirus or slowly going through Candavia. It was not my irresolution which presented a doubt about Epirus, but it was because I did not know where I should see my brother. I do not know how I shall see him, or where I shall send him away. That is the greatest and most trying of all my misfortunes. And I would write oftener and more to you, if my grief had not taken away all the faculties of my mind, and especially the power of writing. I long to see you. Farewell.

Brundisium. April 30.

XXI. (Q. FR. I. 3.)

My brother, my brother, my brother, did you fear that I, from a feeling of irritation, sent messengers to you without a letter, or even that I did not wish to see you? Should I be angry with you? Could I be angry

with you? True, you have troubled me; your enemies and your unpopularity have ruined me, and it is not I who has miserably destroyed you; that well-known and honored consulship of mine I would be willing to have deprive me of you, my children, country, and fortune, but not to deprive you of anything but me. But indeed everything has always turned out honorably and pleasantly for me because of you; because of me you suffered grief at my misfortunes, fear for your own, want, sorrow, and loneliness. Should I not wish to see you? On the contrary, I did not wish to be seen by you, for you would not have seen your brother—not the man whom you had left; not the man whom you had known; not the man whom you left in tears at your departure when you were yourself in tears—not even a trace or ghost of him, but the image of a living death. Would that you had before this seen or heard of me as dead! Would that I had left you my survivor and heir, not only of my life, but my reputation too; but I call all the gods to witness that I was deterred from death by this one consideration, because every one said that in my life some part of yours was bound up; therefore I have sinned and wrongly acted. For if I had died, my very death would easily have confirmed my devotion and love to you. Now I have brought it about that you are deprived of me in my lifetime—you need others in my lifetime—and my voice above all was silenced in domestic troubles, which often was a protection to those who were utter strangers. For as to the messengers coming to you without letters, since you see anger was not my reason, certainly it was laziness and the overwhelming power of tears and grief. With how much weeping do you think I have written these very words? I feel sure you are reading them in the same way. Can I either cease to think of you, or think of you without tears? In longing for you, am I longing for a brother,

only? In truth, I long in the charms of intercourse for a friend, in devotion a son, in wise counsel a father. What pleasure have we ever had apart? What though at the same time I long for a daughter, of what piety, modesty, and wit! the image of myself in person, speech, and soul! What of my lovely and charming son? whom I was cruel and hard-hearted enough to send from my embrace, a boy wiser than I would have wished; for in his trouble he understood what was happening. What then of your son, the likeness of yourself, whom my Cicero both loved as a brother, and revered as an older brother? And I did not allow that most unhappy woman, my faithful wife, to follow me, so that she might be the one to guard what alone remained from our ruin, our children. But, as I could, I have written and sent a letter to you by Philogonus, your freedman, which I trust has been delivered to you; in this I beg and demand the same thing which messengers have told you in my own words, that you should immediately set out and hasten to Rome. First, I have wished you to be a defence in case there were any enemies whose cruelty was not satisfied by my ruin; then I have feared the sorrow of our meeting; in truth, I could not have endured a separation, and especially I had the same fear that you write of, that you could not be divided from me. For these reasons my greatest trouble in not seeing you, than which it seems nothing more cruel or lamentable can happen to most loving and united brothers, was less cruel, less lamentable than it would have been if we had met, surely if we had separated again. Now if you can do what I, who always seemed strong to you, cannot, arouse yourself and take courage if any struggle must take place; I hope, if my hope has any weight, that your uprightness and the love of the state, and even pity for me, will bring some assistance. But if you are free from that danger

of yours, you will surely act in my behalf if you think anything can be done. In regard to this, many men write to me and show me they have hope, but I do not see what hope I have when my enemies are so powerful; some of my friends have deserted me, some have even betrayed me, because they perhaps fear at my return the accusation of their own guilt. But, of what sort your troubles are, I wish you would find out and tell me. Yet I shall live as long as you have work to do, if you see any danger is to be encountered; I can remain no longer in this sort of existence; for neither wisdom nor learning has enough strength to be able to endure so much grief. I know there has been a time when I could have died more honorably and more advantageously, but I have let slip not this alone, but many other things. If I should wish to bewail them when past, I should do nothing but increase your grief, to show my stupidity. It must not and cannot be that I stay any longer than your circumstances and sanguine hope demand in an existence so wretched and shameful, so that I, who lately was most happy in my brother, children, wife, resources, even the wealth which I had, and in dignity, influence, honor, and favor, was not inferior to any, even the most fortunate, am not in a condition so abject and abandoned, and cannot long grieve for my dear ones. Why did you write me any thing about the sale of property? As if in truth your resources were not sustaining me now. In this very matter I see and know what sin I committed, since you will satisfy your creditors with your own property and your son's, and I spent in vain the money received in your name from the treasury. And yet payment has been made to Marcus Antonius as much as you wrote, and just as much to Cæpio; that which I have is sufficient for what I am planning; for whether I pull through or give up, there is need of nothing more. If perchance

you are in any difficulty, I think you might go to Crassus and Calpurnius. I do not know how much Hortensius is to be trusted. He with Quintus Arrius has treated me most abominably and treacherously, with great pretensions of affection and increasing attention; forsaken by their plans, promises, and advice, I have fallen into this trouble. But hide these things, that they may not injure you; take care too—and on this account, I think you should assist Hortensius himself through Pomponius—lest that voice about the Aurelian law which was ascribed to you when you were a candidate for the ædileship should be fixed on you by false evidence; for I fear nothing so much as that when men come to understand how much pity your prayers and your safety will bring to me, they may oppose you all the more. I consider that Messala is attached to you, but Pompey I think is pretending. But may you not find this to be true! This prayer I would make to the gods, had they not ceased to hear my prayers. Yet I truly pray that they may be satisfied with these infinite misfortunes of mine; in them there is no disgrace of one who has been at fault, but it is altogether a pity, because the greatest punishment has been decreed for deeds done best. Why, my brother, should I commend to you my daughter and the Ciceros, our sons? Moreover, it grieves me that separation from them brings no less sorrow to you than to me. But they have not been entirely deprived of you. May some safety and opportunity of dying for my country be granted me,—my tears prevent my writing more. And I wish you to protect Terentia and write me about everything. Be as brave as the condition of affairs allow. June 1. Thessalonica.

XXII. (ATT. III. 13.)

In regard to what I wrote you that I would be in Epirus, since I saw my hope lessening and fading away, I changed my plan, and I did not start from Thessalonica, where I determined to remain until you wrote me of that which you had mentioned in your last letter, that immediately after the election something would be done about my case in the Senate. Pompey had said this to you. ¶ So, since the election is over and you write nothing to me, I shall take it as if you had written that nothing was done. I shall not regret that I was led away by the hope of return at no distant time. Those, however, who come announce that the movement you wrote that you saw which seemed to be of advantage to me, will amount to nothing. I have hope remaining in the tribunes elect. And if I wait for this, there will be no reason why you should think I am failing in my own cause or in good-will of my friends. You often blame me that I am so impatient of this misfortune of mine. You ought to pardon it when you see me more cast down than any one else you ever saw or heard of. But as to your writing that you hear that I am going crazy from my sorrow, my mind is truly sound, and I wish it had been as much so in the time of my danger, when I found those to whom I supposed my safety most dear most hostile and cruel; who, as they saw me giving way a little through fear, so struck the blow as to use all their vice and faithlessness for my destruction. Now, since I must go to Cyzicus, where letters can be conveyed to me less frequently, I wish that you would write very carefully everything which you think I ought to know. Cherish my brother Quintus, for if in my wretchedness I leave him safe, I shall think I have not been wholly ruined. August 5.

XXIII. (ATT. III. 15.)

August 13, I received four letters from you: one to reproach me for not being firmer; a second in which you mention that Crassus's freedman has told you how worn and thin I look with anxiety; a third, describing proceedings in the Senate; and a fourth on a point which you tell me you have heard Varro corroborate; namely, the inclinations of Pompey. My answer to the first is this. It is true, I do grieve, but so far from letting this impair my resolution, it is itself a cause of grief to me that with such an unshaken purpose I can neither find scope nor sympathy for it. For if you cannot refrain from grieving when I, and I only, am missing, what, think you, must it be to me, to be parted from you and everybody? And if you, enjoying all your rights, feel my absence, how much, think you, must I be longing for those very rights? I am loath to recount all that I have been robbed of, not only because it will not be new to you, but because I shrink from reopening the old smart. This only I repeat: never yet did man fall from such high estate, or unto such depths of misery. Time, however, so far from bringing balm to this pain, in fact inflames it; for while all other sorrows are mellowed by age, this alone can only grow keener day by day as one thinks of the misery of the present, and looks back on the days that are past. For what I miss is not merely the blessings and the friends I once had, but my very self. What indeed is left of me?—but I will not let myself either thus distress your mind with my lamentations, or be perpetually handling my own wounds. Now, as to your defence of the people that I said were jealous of me, including Cato among them, why truly I, for my part, hold him so entirely acquitted of such baseness, that I bitterly regret having trusted the pretended friendship

of others more than his sturdy felicity. As to the rest whom you defend, they ought to be clear in my eyes if they are in yours. But this discussion is out of date. As to Crassus's freedman, he, I dare say, did not speak a word of truth. You describe the debate in the Senate as satisfactory. But how about Curio,—can it be that he has not read that speech, though how it got published, I cannot imagine? Axius, however, in his letter to me about the proceedings of the very same day, is not so eulogistic of Curio. But it is possible that he passes over something: you, of course, would not have told me anything but what was fact. What Varro says gives me some hopes of Cæsar, and I only wish Varro could be got to throw himself into our cause. Surely if he would do it of his own accord, he would be yet more likely if you pressed him. For myself, if Heaven ever restore me to you and my country, I will indeed try hard that you above all my friends may have cause to rejoice at it; and the claims of duty and affection, which I must acknowledge have not been sufficiently conspicuous hitherto, I will so discharge that you shall think me restored to you as much as to my brother and my family. If I have ever done you wrong—nay, what I ought to say is, for the wrong I have done you, forgive me: for it is myself I have wronged far more deeply. Now I am not writing this as if I were not aware how great is the grief you feel at my downfall, but assuredly, if the affection you have and had for me were, and always had been, nothing but my due, you would never have allowed me to lack the help of that sound advice of which you had such overflowing wealth, nor would you have allowed me to be deluded into believing that it was best for us to let that act about guilds be carried. But in my trouble you only gave me tears as a tribute of affection; and that was all that I did for myself. What I ought to

have earned by a real claim upon you—that night and day you should be thinking, “what will it be best for him to do?”—has all been thrown away, by my own wrong-doing, not by yours. But had there been a soul—I do not mean only you, but any one—to hold me back from my cowardly resolution when I was upset by the ungenerous reply of Pompey, and this you were the one man most capable of doing, I should either have fallen without disgrace, or lived to be triumphant at this day. You will bear with me thus far; for it is myself I am accusing much more deeply of us two, and you only afterwards as being my second self; and then of course I should like to find somebody to share the blame with. Then too, if I am restored, I shall seem to have made less of a failure, and I shall be loved by you surely for the kindness you have shown since I am not to be so for any from me. What you mention that you discussed with Culleo about this being a bill against an individual has something in it; but a formal repeal is far more desirable. For if nobody means to oppose, what can be more conclusive? If, on the other hand, there is any one disposed to prevent its passing, he will be sure also to veto a decree of the Senate. Nor is there any need to repeal anything else; for the first of the two laws did not affect me at all, and if we had consented when it was first proposed to give it a general support or to disregard it, which was all that it deserved, it could not possibly have hurt us a whit. Here it was that for the first time my judgment failed, nay, even stood in my way. How blind, yes, blind, we must have been for changing our garments and imploring the aid of the people, always a mischievous step to take unless indeed they had begun to attack me by name. But I keep harping on the past. Still it is for this reason, to prevent your meddling at all, if any step is taken, with the law above mentioned, which has many

popular provisions. But it is foolish of me to be advising you about what you are to do and how to do it; only I wish to Heaven something could be done! Your letters I fancy keep back a good deal, lest I should be too much overwhelmed with despair. For what is there that you see possible to be done, and how? Can we count on the Senate? Why, you yourself wrote me that Clodius had affixed to the door of the Curia a certain section of his law, "that it be illegal to make any motion or speak upon the point." How comes it, then, that Domitius announced his intention of making a motion; or again how is it that when the people you mention were both discussing the matter and calling for it to be put to the vote, Clodius kept silence? On the other hand, if we are about to trust to the popular assembly, will that be possible without securing the unanimous consent of the tribunes? What about my property? What about my house? Can it be restored, or if it cannot, how can I be? Unless you can see some way out of these things, what hope can you hold out to me? Or if you have no hope, what to me is life itself? I am then waiting at Thessalonica for the report of the events of the first of August, according to which I must determine whether I will retire to your estate in the country, where I can avoid seeing anybody whom I do not want to, while, as you urge, I can see you, and be at hand if there is anything to be done, and this course is what I understand you as well as my brother would advise, or whether I will go to Cyzicus. Now, my dear Pomponius, since you would not give me any of your good advice to help me, either because you thought I was quite capable of judging for myself, or from an idea that you were only bound to be ready when appealed to: since I have been betrayed, inveigled, forced into a snare; have let all my strongest defences be taken; have put aside and ignored Italy, when

she was all alert in my defence; and have given up myself and my dearest ones to my foes, while you looked on without a word, though if you were not more keen-sighted than I, you were at least less under the influence of fear, I pray you, wherever you have an opportunity, give a hand, if you can, to a fallen man, and be in this a support to me. If, however, all ways are blocked, be sure to let me know the truth, and on no account any longer try to shame me into action or to console me out of mere politeness. If I were blaming your good faith, it would not be your roof above all others I should choose for a refuge. No, it is my own blindness I blame, in thinking myself loved by you as much as heart could wish. Had this been so, you would have shown no less fidelity, but increased anxiety: assuredly you would have held me back when I was flinging myself upon destruction; and then you would not have had to labor as you are now doing to repair this shattered wreck. Be sure, therefore, to let me know everything about which you are clear and certain; and help me, as indeed you are doing, to be a man again, since I dare not say to be what I was once, or once had it in my power to become; and remember that in this letter it is not on you, but on myself, I have been throwing the blame. If there should be any people to whom letters ought to be sent as though they came from me, I wish you would write them and see they are dispatched. August 17.

XXIV. (ATT. III. 19.)

As long as such letters were brought to me from you that I had something to expect from them, I was kept at Thessalonica by hope and desire. After I thought all measures of the year were completed, I was unwilling to go to Asia, both as I object to notoriety, and

do not wish to be far away if any steps should be taken by the new officials; so I have decided to come to you in Epirus, not that the place may be to my advantage, that I may wholly shun the light, but from your harbor I shall most freely escape to safety, and if that means is cut off, nowhere shall I more easily endure, or, what is far preferable, rid myself of this most wretched existence. I will come with a few followers, having dismissed many. Your letters have never given me as much hope as those of other friends, but yet my feelings are even more hopeless than your letters. Nevertheless, since the question has come up, in whatever way and for what reason it has arisen, I will disregard neither the wretched and piteous prayers of my most noble and only brother, nor the hope of my wife Terentia, that most miserable woman, nor the entreaties of my unhappy Tulliola, nor your faithful letters; Epirus will give me the opportunity for safety, or the alternative which I wrote above. If through the perfidy of men you see me deprived of everything which is most honorable, most dear, and most delightful, betrayed and deserted by the friends of my own rank, if you see me forced to ruin myself and those dear to me, I beg and beseech you, Titus Pomponius, to aid me in your pity, and support my brother Quintus, who can be saved, guard Terentia and my children. Wait for me if you think you will see me where you are, and if not, come to me if you can. Give me enough of your land for my body to fill; send messengers to me with letters as early and often as possible. September 16.



XXV. (FAM. XIV. 2.)

I hope you will never think that I write longer letters to other people unless it so happens that any one has written me about a number of matters that seem

to require an answer. In fact, I have nothing to say, nor is there now anything which I find more difficult. But to you and our Tulliola I cannot write without shedding many tears, when I picture you to myself plunged in the deepest affliction, whom I have wished to see perfectly happy; and this I ought to have secured for you; yes, and I would have secured, but for our being all so faint-hearted. I am most grateful to our friend Piso for his kind services. I did my best to urge that he would not forget you when I was writing to him; and have now thanked him as in duty bound. I gather that you think there is hope of the new tribunes; that will be a safe thing to depend on, if we may on the professions of Pompey, but I have my fears of Crassus. It is true that I see that everything on your part is done both bravely and lovingly, nor does that surprise me, but what pains me is that it should be my fate to expose you to such severe suffering to relieve my own: for Publius Valerius, who has been most attentive, wrote me word, and it cost me many tears in the reading, how you had been forced to go away from the temple of Vesta to the Valerian office. Alas, my light, my love, whom all used once to look up to for relief!—that you, my Terentia, should be treated thus; that you should thus be plunged in tears and misery, and through my fault! I have indeed preserved others, only for me and mine to perish. As to what you say about our house—or rather its site—I for my part shall consider my restoration to be complete only when I find it has been restored to me. But these things are not in our hands; what troubles me is that in the outlay which must be incurred you, unhappy and impoverished as you are, must necessarily share. However, if we shall succeed in our object I shall recover everything, but then if ill-fortune continues to persecute us, are you, my poor dear, to be allowed to throw away what you


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may have saved from the wreck? As to my expenses, I entreat you, my dearest life, to let other people who can do so perfectly well, if they will, relieve you; and be sure as you love me, not to let your anxiety injure your health, which you know is so delicate. Night and day you are always before my eyes: I see you making every exertion on my behalf, and I fear you may not be able to bear it. But I know well that all our hopes are in you; so be very careful of your health, that we may be successful in what you hope and are working for. As far as I know, there is nobody I ought to write to except those who write to me, or those whom you mention to me in your letters. Since you prefer it, I will not move any further from here, but I hope you will write to me as often as possible, especially if we have any surer grounds for hoping. Good-bye, my darlings, good-bye. Thessalonica. October 5.

XXVI. (FAM. XIV. 1.)

From the letters of several people and the talk of everybody, I hear that your courage and endurance are simply wonderful, and that no troubles of body or mind can exhaust your energy. How unhappy I am to think that, with all your courage and devotion, your virtues and gentleness, you should have fallen into such misfortunes for me! And my sweet Tullia, too,—that she, who was once so proud of her father, should have to undergo such troubles owing to him! And what shall I say about my boy Marcus, who ever since his faculties of perception awoke has felt the sharpest pangs of sorrow and misery? Could I but think, as you tell me, that all this comes in the natural course of things, I could bear it a little easier. But it has been brought about entirely by my own fault, for thinking myself loved by those who were jealous of me, and turning

from those who wanted to win me. Yet had I but used my own judgment, and not let the advice of friends who were either weak or perfidious weigh so much with me, we might now be living in perfect happiness. As it is, since my friends encourage me to hope, I will take care not to let my health be a bad ally to your exertions. I quite understand what a task it is, and how much easier it was to stop at home than to get back there again; still if we are sure of all the tribunes, and of Lentulus, supposing him to be as zealous as he seems, certainly if we are sure of Pompey as well, and Cæsar too, the case cannot be desperate. About our slaves, we will let it be as you tell me your friends have advised. As to this place, it is true that the epidemic has only just passed off, but I escaped infection while it lasted. Plancius, who has been excessively kind, presses me to stay with him, and will not part with me yet. My own wish was to be in some out-of-the-way place in Epirus, where Hispo and his soldiers would not be likely to come, but Plancius will not yet hear of my going; he hopes he may yet manage to return to Italy himself when I do. If I should ever see that day and once more return to your arms, and feel that I was restored to you and to myself, I should admit that both your loyalty and mine had been abundantly repaid. Piso's kindness, constancy, and affection are beyond all description. May he reap satisfaction from it—reputation I feel certain he will. As to Quintus, I make no complaint of you, but you are the very two people I should most like to see living in harmony, especially since there are none too many of you left to me. I have thanked the people you wanted me to, and mentioned that my information came from you. As to the block of houses which you tell me you mean to sell—why, good heavens! my dear Terentia, what is to be done! Oh, what troubles I have to bear! And if mis-



fortune continues to persecute us, what will become of our poor boy? I cannot continue to write—my tears are too much for me; nor would I wish to betray you into the same emotion. All I can say is that if our friends act up to their duty, we shall not want for money; if they do not, you will not be able to succeed only with your own. Let our unhappy fortunes, I entreat you, be a warning to us not to ruin our boy, who is ruined enough already. If he only has something to save him from absolute want, a fair share of luck will be all that is necessary to win anything else. Do not neglect your health, and send me messengers with letters to let me know what goes on and how you yourselves are faring. My suspense in any case cannot now be long. Give my love to my little Tullia and my Marcus. Dyrrhachium. Nov. 26.

I have moved to Dyrrhachium because it is not only a free city, but very much in my interest and quite near to Italy; but if the bustle of the place proves an annoyance I shall betake myself elsewhere and give you notice.

XXVII. (FAM. XIV. 3.)

I have received from Aristocritus three letters which I nearly destroyed with my tears, for I am worn out with sorrow, dear Terentia, and my own troubles torture me not more than yours, but I am more unhappy than you, wretched though you may be, because the misfortune is shared by us both, but the fault is my own. It was my duty either to avoid danger by accepting an embassy or to resist it by prudence and sufficient resources, or to fall bravely. Nothing was ever more wretched, base, or unworthy of myself than my conduct in this. So I am broken both by my sorrow and my shame. For I am ashamed that I did not exhibit to my most noble wife and dearest children my manliness and

resolution ; for day and night come before my eyes your wretchedness and sorrow and the weakness of your health. But very slight hopes of safety are held out to me. Many men are my enemies, nearly all are envious of me ; it was a great thing to expel me, it is easy to keep me in exile ; yet, as long as you have hope, I will not fail you, lest everything seem to have been lost through me. That I may have security about which you are anxious, it is now very easy, as even my enemies wish me to live in this unfortunate condition ; yet I will do what you bid me. I thanked the friends you have wished, and to Dexippus gave that letter, and I wrote that you had let me know about their service. I realize and every one says that our Piso is remarkably loyal and faithful to us ; the gods grant that, when I am with you and the children, I may delight in such a son-in-law ! My remaining hope is in the tribunes of the people, and in the measures of the first days ; for if the affair is postponed, all is over. So I send Aristocritus to you at once, that you may write immediately their first measures, and the course of the whole matter, although I have told Dexippus immediately to come back, and I have sent to my brother to send word frequently ; for I am at Dyrrhachium at this time on this account, to hear as quickly as possible what is going on, and I am in security, for I have always guarded this town. As soon as my enemies are said to be coming, then I shall go to Epirus. As to your writing that if I wish, you will come to me, although I know you are bearing a large share of the burden, I prefer you where you are. If you accomplish what you are doing, I ought to come to you ; but if—but there is no need of writing the rest. From your next, or at any rate your second letter, I can determine what I must do ; I only wish you would write me most diligently, though I ought to expect now the result of the affair, rather than an ac-

count of it. Take care of your health, and be assured that nothing is, or ever has been, dearer to me than you. Farewell, beloved Terentia, whom I fancy I see, and so I am weakened by my tears. Farewell. November 30.

✓ XXVIII. (ATT. IV. 1.)

As soon as I came to Rome and found some one to whom I could safely entrust a letter to you, I thought my first act ought to be to write my thanks to you, since I cannot express them in person, for my happy return. For I felt certain—to tell the truth—that while in giving advice you had been no more resolute or long-sighted than myself, and indeed it was owing to my deference to you that I had been over-anxious about risking my personal safety, you at the same time, however much you had shared at first in my mistake, or rather my infatuation, and partaken of my groundless alarm, had most bitterly felt our separation, and had contributed so much of the labor and exertion, the zeal and perseverance, which ~~it~~ have gone towards effecting my return. And so I may now tell you, with perfect truth, that even in all my unbounded happiness and the delight of these congratulations I am receiving, there was just one thing wanting to complete the sum of my pleasure—the opportunity of seeing, or better still, of embracing my dear friend. Let me but once have you back, and if ever again I let you go—nay, if I do not also exact to the full all arrears of delight in your pleasant companionship for the past—I shall assuredly think myself scarcely deserving of this return of Fortune. In my political position I have recovered all that I thought would be most difficult to regain—I mean my old reputation at the Bar, my influence in the Senate, and my popularity with all good citizens; more indeed than I had ever aspired to. About my property, how-

ever, I am in serious trouble, for you know how it has been broken into, scattered to the winds, scattered right and left; and I want the help not so much of your purse, which I count as my own, as of your advice about getting together and securing such remnants as are left me. Next, though I may assume that either your friends have written to you about all the news, or it has even reached you by the report of messengers and common rumor, still I will just mention briefly the points that I take it you are most eager to learn from myself. I started from Dyrrhachium on the fourth of August—the very day that the law about me was carried. I got to Brundisium on the fifth; there I found my darling Tullia ready to meet me, and that on her own birthday, which, as it happened, was also the anniversary of the foundation of Brundisium as a colony, and of your neighbor, the Goddess of Salvation; the coincidence was noticed by the people of Brundisium as an object of congratulation. On the eighth of August, while at Brundisium, I learned from a letter of Quintus that the decree had been passed in the comitia eenturiata with the unanimous approval of all ranks and ages and a wonderful expression on the part of Italy: thence I was equipped by the good people of Brundisium that everywhere deputations met me with congratulations. When I came near the city, this went so far that not a soul of any rank who was known to my attendant failed to come and meet me, except such enemies as found it impossible either to conceal or deny the fact of their hostility. On my arriving at the Capuan gate the steps of the temples were crowded with the very lowest classes, and after they had expressed their congratulations by shouts of applause, another crowd like it attended me with the same applause all the way up to the Capitol, while both in the Forum and in the Capitol itself the numbers were enormous. The next

day, the fifth of September, I expressed my thanks to the Senate. Two days after that, bread being excessively dear, and crowds of people having come together, first by the theatre and then in front of the Senate, at the instigation of Clodius a cry was raised that the dearth of corn was all brought about by me. Now the meeting of the Senate for those very days being on the question of supplies, and there being calls for Pompey, not only from the mob, but from the better class of people, to undertake the administration of them, and he being himself anxious for this, when the people insisted on my name to propose it, I did so, taking care to explain my views in full. All the other ex-consuls being absent except Messalla and Afranius because—so they alleged—they could not safely express their opinions, the Senate passed a decree on my motion that Pompey should be requested to undertake that office, and a bill be drafted to that effect.¶ On the recital of the decree, as they broke into applause, according to the silly fashion nowadays, immediately on the reading out of my name, I made a speech, with the consent of all the magistrates present, except one prætor and two tribunes. Next day there was a full house, and all the ex-consuls were for granting Pompey any request he saw fit to make; and he, in asking for a committee of fifteen under him, named me first of all, and said that I should be in every respect his second self. The consuls drew up a law conferring the management of the supply of corn all over the world on Pompey for five years. Messius proposed an amendment giving him full control over the finances, with the addition of a fleet and army and fuller powers in the provinces than would be granted to those who have to govern them. After this the proposal of the consuls and myself seems moderate enough, this of Messius, quite inadmissible. Pompey says he prefers ours; but really, so his friends

think, the other. The ex-consuls, headed by Favonius, are crying out: I hold my tongue particularly because the Pontifical college has as yet given no answer about my house. If it turns out that they declare the consecration illegal, I shall have a grand site. The value of the buildings upon it will then be assessed by the consul in accordance with the decree of the Senate; on the other alternative they will pull down the building, contract for another in their own names, and estimate the whole value for compensation. This is how my fortunes now stand; for a state of prosperity, slippery; for a state of adversity, good. About my income, I am, as you know, in great trouble. Moreover, there are one or two things at home which I do not care to put on paper. How could I fail to love my brother Quintus for the affection, courage, and loyalty that are so marked in his character? I am looking for you, and entreat you to make haste in coming. Come, too, with the full determination never to let me want for your advice. I am now, as it were, starting upon a second life. Already certain people who stood up for me in my absence, are beginning, now I have come back, to be secretly offended with or openly jealous of me. I long intensely to see you again.

XXIX. (ATT. IV. 2.)

If perhaps fewer letters come to you from me than from others, I ask not to attribute it to my carelessness, nor to my continued occupation, which, although excessive, cannot yet be so great as to interrupt the course of our affection and my duty; for as I came to Rome, I was informed there was some one to whom to entrust my letters; so I have sent this second one. In the last one I told you about my arrival and what was the situation and condition of all my affairs, for a state of pros-

perity, slippery, for a state of adversity, good. After sending that letter, the greatest contest arose about my house. I spoke before the Pontifical college September 30. I pursued the affair carefully, and if I ever, or even never, at any other time was successful in speaking, then certainly my grief and the importance of the matter gave some force to my words; so my speech ought to be put into the hands of the young. I will soon send it to you, though you may not wish it. The Pontifical college passed the order as follows: if neither by command of the citizens nor by the decree of the people, he who said he had consecrated the site was appointed for that matter, and neither by command of the citizens nor by decree of the people was ordered to do it, it was decreed that without violation of religion that part of the land could be restored to me. Immediately I was congratulated, for no one doubted that my house was awarded me, when suddenly that man ascended the rostra in the assembly which Appius had convened for him. He announced to the people that the Pontifical college had decided in his favor and that I was forcibly trying to take possession of my land. He exhorted them to follow Appius and himself and defend their Liberty. Since indeed the worst of the by-standers were partly admiring, partly laughing at the madness of the man, I determined not to go there unless when the consuls, by a decree of the Senate, should determine that the portico of Catulus be restored. A full meeting of the Senate was held October 1. All the pontiffs who were senators were summoned, from whom Marcellinus, who was particularly interested in my behalf, when he was first asked his opinion, inquired what they had found in their decision. Then Marcus Lucullus, in the name of all his colleagues, replied that the pontiffs were the judges in matters of religion, the Senate, of law; he and his colleagues had decided in

regard to religion, and in the Senate would decide in regard to law; and so each of them being asked his opinion in his own place, gave many arguments in favor of my case. When Clodius was approached, he wished to take up the whole day, and did not bring his speech to an end, until he had spoken nearly three hours; he was at last forced by the disaffection and uproar of the Senate; when the decree of the Senate was on the point of being carried, according to the motion of Marcellinus, with the consent of all but one, Serranus vetoed the measure; both consuls began at once to refer the veto to the Senate. Then the strongest opinions were expressed that it was the pleasure of the Senate that my house be restored to me, the portico of Catulus be built and the authority of their order be defended by all officials; if any violence occurred, the Senate would think that person the author of it who had vetoed the decree of the Senate. Serranus was awed and Clodius returned to his old story; throwing off his toga, he flung himself at his son-in-law's feet; he demanded a night; they did not grant it, for they remembered January 1; with difficulty it was finally granted him at my wish. The next day that decree of the Senate was passed which I sent to you. Thereupon the consuls gave orders to rebuild the portico of Catulus. That portico the contractors immediately pulled down by consent of all; the consuls, by the judgment of the assessors, estimated the building for me at 2,000,000 sesterces, but other matters illiberally; the house at Tusculum at 500,000 sesterces, that at Formiæ at 250,000 sesterces; this estimate is questioned not only by all the best men, but even by the common people. Will you ask, "What indeed was the reason?" They say it is my modesty that I neither refused the terms nor boldly made a demand for more; but it is not that—for even that would have been of benefit—in truth,

these same men, my dear Titus Pomponius, I say these very ones, whom even you know, who had clipped my wings, are unwilling to have them grow again. But as I hope, now they are growing again; only come to me—but I fear that you may be late on account of our friend Varro. Since you know what has been done, learn about the rest of my thought. I have allowed myself to be chosen as ambassador by Pompey, so that I am hindered by nothing, if I wish, from having it in my power, if the next consuls hold an election for censors, either to be a candidate or to undertake a free embassy to pay vows at nearly every shrine and grove—for so my plans demand;—but I wished to have the power either of being a candidate or of leaving in the beginning of summer, and meantime I thought I was in favor with the citizens who deserved most at my hands. So there are my plans about public matters, but my private affairs hamper me. You know at what expense and trouble a house is built; my house at Formiæ is being restored, which I can neither part with nor see; my house at Tusculum I have advertised for sale; not easily do I give up my country-seat. The kindness of my friends has been exhausted in the affair which brought nothing but disgrace. You knew, when you were away and those were here, by whose zeal and resources I would have been easily successful in everything, if I had been allowed by my defenders; in this matter now there is great trouble; the other things which trouble me are secret; my brother and daughter love me. I await your coming.

XXX. (ATT. IV. 3.)

I know certainly that you desire not merely to know what is going on here, but to know from me, not that what happens before the eyes of all may be better

reported if written by me than if either written or told you by others, but that you may find what is my attitude of mind toward the events of the time, and what my feelings and entire situation. November 3 the workmen were driven by armed men from my land; the portico of Catulus was pulled down, which in accordance with a decree of the Senate, by arrangement of the consuls, was being rebuilt and had been raised as far as the roof; they shattered the house of my brother Quintus by throwing stones at it from my land, then set it on fire by the order of Clodius, in sight of the city, by hurling firebrands amid the clamor and uproar of, I shall not say the good men, as perhaps there are none, but of nearly all men. He rushed about in a fury; after this burst of rage he meditated nothing but the slaughter of his foes; he went from street to street, and openly offered the hope of freedom to the slaves. For before, when he escaped judgment, he had a difficult and open case, but still a chance for acquittal; he could deny, he could lay the blame on others, he could defend some acts as if done by right; after this ruin, the fires and the plunder, he is deserted by his followers and hardly now retains Decimus, the umpire, and Gellius. He adopts the advice of slaves, and sees if he kills openly all whom he wishes that his case will not be more serious in court than it is at present. So November 11, when I was going down the Sacred Way, he followed me with his men; shouting, they suddenly attacked me with stones, clubs, and swords; I retreated to the vestibule of the house of Tettius Damio. Those who were with me easily kept his men from entering; he himself could have been killed, but I am beginning to cure by dieting; I am weary of surgery. When he saw that he was being driven by the voices of all not to trial, but to a present torture, he then made the Catilines Acidini; for he

made such an attempt on November 12 to storm and burn the house of Milo on the Germalus, that at the fifth hour he openly led up men with shields and drawn swords, and others with flaming torches; he himself had taken the house of Publius Sulla as headquarters for himself for that assault. Then from the house of Milo, of the clan of Annii, Quintus Flaccus led out brave men; he killed the most prominent members of the robber-band of Clodius; he wished Clodius himself, but he had gone into the house of Sulla. Then the Senate met November 14. Clodius was at home, Marcellinus was efficient, and all were on the alert; Metellus by a trick used the time for speaking with Appius's help, also a friend of yours about whose stability and courage your letters have been most truthful. Sestius raged, he threatened the state if his election were not about to take place; when the opinion of Marcellinus was declared which he had written that he embraced in his judgment the whole case of my land, the fires and my danger, and gave all this the preference to the elections, Milo announced that he would take observations all the days of the elections. The harangue of Metellus was uproarious; Appius was imprudent, and Publius raging. Yet this is the whole matter; unless Milo announced unfavorable omens in the Campus Martius, the elections were to take place. November 20, Metellus came into the field in the middle of the night with a large band of men; Clodius did not dare to go into the field since he had picked troops of deserters. Milo remained with greatest glory till midday amid great joy on the part of the men. The conflict of the three brothers was disgraceful. Their forces were shattered and their rage despised; yet Metellus demanded that an announcement be made for him the next day in the Forum; there was no reason why he should come by night to the Campus; he would himself come at the

first hour into the comitium. November 20 accordingly Milo came into the comitium by night; Metellus at daybreak secretly ran by nearly impassable ways to the Campus; Milo follows up the fellow in the woods and declares unfavorable omens; Metellus goes back violently reproaching Quintus Flaccus. November 21 was market-day; there was no disturbance for two days.

November 23.—I am writing this at the ninth hour of the night. Milo now is in possession of the Campus. Marcellus the candidate is snoring so loud that I, who am his neighbor, can hear him! The vestibule of Clodius's house is said to be empty, or at all events there are only a few ragged wretches there without a lantern; they complain that everything is being done to him by my advice, not knowing how much courage and prudence that hero has. His valor is remarkable. I leave out some new remarkable facts; but this is the result—I think the election will not be held. I think Publius, unless he is killed beforehand, will be accused by Milo; if he opposed him in the crowd, I foresee he will be slain by that very Milo. He does not shrink from action, he makes it known openly; he does not fear the misfortune which has befallen me, for he will never follow the advice of any jealous and faithless friend, nor trust a nobleman's indifference. At least I am strong in purpose even more than when in prosperity; but my finances are at a low point. As far as I could—while my brother Quintus refuses that I should be entirely without money—by the assistance of my friends I have repaid his liberality. What plan to adopt in regard to my position as a whole I do not know in your absence; so hasten to come.

XXXI. (Q. FR. II. 1.)

The letter which you have read I sent in the morning; but Licinius was very accommodating in coming to me at evening after the adjournment of the Senate, in order that I might write to you if I wished what had been done. There was a fuller meeting of the Senate than I had supposed could be in the holidays of December. We ex-consuls were present and two consuls-elect, and Publius Servilius, Marcus Lucullus, Lepidus, Volcatius, Glabrio, the prætors. There was really a large number of us; in all about two hundred. Lupus had roused our expectations. He carefully urged his measures for the land in Campania; he was heard in utter silence. You are not ignorant of the facts of the case; he omitted none of my doings. There were some thrusts at Cæsar and attacks on Gellius. Pompey, though absent, did not escape censure. At the end of his speech, he declared he would not ask for opinions, lest he should give us the annoyance of unanimous expressions. From the disapprobation of the time before and from the present silence he knew the opinion of the Senate. Milo then spoke. The assembly began to adjourn. Then Marcellinus said, "Do not, Lupus, from my silence judge either what I approve or disapprove; I suppose what applies to me applies to the others, and for this reason I say nothing, for I do not think, in the absence of Pompey, the action about the land of Campania should be taken into consideration." Then Lupus said he would not detain the Senate longer. Racilius rose and began to speak about the charges. He first indeed questioned Marcellinus; when he had strongly inveighed against the schemes of Clodius, his fires, murders, and stonings, he gave it as his determination that he himself should choose judges through the city prætor, and after the choice of judges was made,

the elections would be held; whoever should hinder the rulings would be a public enemy. Though this determination was strongly approved, Caius Cato spoke on the opposite side, and also Caius Cassius amid the strong disapproval of the Senate, when they proposed that the elections should take place before the trial. Philippus agreed with Lentulus. Afterwards Racilius asked my opinion first of those who are not in office. I spoke at length of the entire violence and roguery of Publius Clodius; as a criminal, I accused him amid the continuous and favoring applause of the whole Senate. Vetus Antistius upheld my words at sufficient length, not indeed ineloquently, and he took up the case of the trial and said he would hold it as first in importance. The whole matter tended in that direction; then Clodius, being asked his opinion, began to waste time in speaking; he was angry that he had been treated with insult and incivility. Then his followers suddenly from the Greek corner and steps raised a loud shout, I think directed against Quintus Sestilius and the friends of Milo; with this fear coming suddenly upon us, we adjourned with great dissatisfaction on all sides. You know the events of one day; the rest, as I think, will be postponed to January. Racilius is by far the best of the tribunes we have; moreover, Antistius seems to be my friend; for Plancius is wholly with me. If you love me, be careful and thoughtful about travelling by sea in the month of December.

XXXII. (FAM. VII. 26.)

I have already been suffering terribly for ten days with disorder in my bowels, and have not been able to convince those who wish my assistance that I was not well, since I was not troubled with fever. To avoid them, I took refuge in Tusculum when I had been for

two days so weak as not even to taste a drop of water; and so, reduced by faintness and hunger, I desired your services more than I thought you needed mine. I dread any disease, but particularly the one which that Epicurus of yours suffered from for which the Stoics despise him, as he says he is troubled by dysenteric pains and strangury, one of which they think is the result of gluttony, the other of licentiousness. Certainly I have dreaded dysentery; but it seems to me either the change of scene or rest of mind or the abating itself of the disease, which perhaps now has run its course, has been in my favor. And yet do not wonder what I have done to bring this disorder upon me. The sumptuary law which seems to promote simplicity was the cause of my trouble. For while the men of elegant tastes wish to bring into favor the products of the earth which are not included by the law, they dress mushrooms, vegetables, and all sorts of herbs, so that nothing can be more palatable; when I ate very freely of them at the supper for the new augur at the house of Lentulus, I was seized with a diarrhœa which has not ceased till this day. So I, who easily kept away from lampreys and oysters, was led astray by beets and mallows; hereafter I shall be more careful. Yet you, since you have heard from Anicius—for he saw I was ill—had a just reason, not merely for inquiring for me, but also for coming to see me. I think I shall remain here until I recover, for I have lost strength and flesh; but if I shake off my disease, I shall regain the rest, as I hope.

XXXIII. (Q. FR. II. 3.)

I wrote to you before about all that had happened up to that time; now I must tell you what has occurred since. The reception of the foreign deputations was postponed from the first to the thirteenth of February,

business not being finished on the former day. On the second, Milo surrendered to stand his trial. Pompey was in court to support him, and at my request, Marcellus spoke in his defence; we came off with the honors of war. The trial was adjourned until the seventh. Meanwhile the deputations having been put off until the thirteenth, the provinces to be given to the different questors and the grants to be made to the prætors were discussed, but there were so many lamentations on the state of the country forced upon us, that nothing was settled. Caius Cato gave notice of a proposal to recall Lentulus from his government. His son has put on mourning. On the seventh, Milo again appeared on his trial. Pompey spoke, or rather intended to, for as soon as he rose, the hired rowdies of Clodius made such an uproar, lasting too throughout his whole speech, as to drown his voice with their interruptions, and even with insults and abuse. Well, when he made his peroration—for I must admit he showed great resolution on the occasion, and so far from being conquered by them, said his full say, sometimes even without interruption, and in the end had succeeded in making considerable impression—after his peroration, I say, up got Clodius; whereupon such an uproar was raised from our side, for we had determined he should get as good as he gave, that he lost all control of his thoughts, his voice, and his countenance. This scene, though Pompey had all but finished speaking at eleven, lasted till quite one; people meanwhile shouting all sorts of abuse, culminating finally in the filthiest doggerel about Clodius and his sister. Furious and white with rage, he appealed to his partisans above the shouting to say who it was that was starving the people to death? His rowdies shouted back, Pompey. Who was it that wanted to go to Alexandrin? Pompey, they answered. Whom would they vote for to go instead? Crassus,

they replied—he was in the assembly at the time with no friendly intentions to Milo. About two the Clodians began, apparently at a given signal, to spit upon our party. This was too much for our temper. When they began to hustle us out of the place, our men fell upon them; the roughs took to their heels; Clodius was turned out of the tribune, and thereupon I too fled for fear of anything happening in the riot. The Senate is then summoned to meet; as for Pompey, he is off home; still even so I avoid the House, not liking on the one hand to hold my tongue in such a crisis, or on the other to defend Pompey—for he was being attacked by Bibulus, Curio, Favonius, and the younger Savius—and so run the risk of offending many good patriots. The inquiry was adjourned till next day; Clodius gave notice of postponing the trial till the feast of Quirinus. On the eighth, the Senate met in the temple of Apollo, in order that Pompey might be present. He spoke on the question with considerable force; nothing was decided on that day. On the ninth they met in the temple of Apollo and passed a resolution that the proceedings up to the eighth were a breach of peace. The same day Cato delivered a vehement invective against Pompey, and through the whole of his speech attacked him as though he were actually in the dock; about me, strongly against my will, he spoke at length, and in most flattering terms. His denunciation of the bad faith that had been kept with me was listened to amid perfect silence by my ill-wishers. Pompey made a vehement reply, and alluded to Crassus, saying in so many words that he himself would take more precaution to guard his own life than Africanus, who was murdered by Papirius Carbo, had done. So it seems to me that we have great storms beginning to brew, for Pompey quite understands this, and makes no secret of it to me, that plots are being hatched against his life; that Caius

Cato is backed up by Crassus, while some one is supplying Clodius with funds; and that both of them are being egged on, not only by him, but by Curio, Bibulus, and the rest of his detractors; and therefore great care just now is necessary if he would not be entirely crushed, with the demagogue-ridden populace well-nigh alienated from him, with the nobility hostile, the Senate prejudiced, and our young bloods ready for any reckless deed. So he is forearming, by sending for men from the country, while Clodius is filling up his gang of rowdies; there is a body of them now being got ready for the Quirinus festival. In this instance we are far stronger than any forces he can get by himself; and besides a strong lot are expected from Picenum and Gaul, so that we may even show fight against Cato's notions about Milo and Lentulus. On the tenth of February Sestius was summoned by Cnaeus Nerius, an informer belonging to the Pupinian tribe, for bribery, and on the same day by a certain Marcus Tullius for breaking the peace. He was then ill in bed. Of course I went immediately to see him at his house, and placed myself entirely at his service—wherein I was acting contrary to the expectation of most people, who thought I had some reason for being a little annoyed with him—that I might enjoy both the satisfaction and the character of showing great kindness and gratitude, and I mean to be as good as my word. But in addition to the others implicated, Nerius has laid information against Cneus Lentulus Vatia and Caius Cornelius. The same day the Senate passed a resolution, that all political clubs and electioneering associations should be dismissed, and a law should be proposed to render such of them as might have refused to go liable to the penalties for breaking the peace. On the eleventh I defended Bestia on his trial for bribery before the praetor, Cnaeus Domitius, in the centre of the Forum,

amidst a vast concourse; and in speaking I happened to allude to the time when Sestius in the temple of Castor, being then covered with wounds, was only saved by the help of Bestia. So I arranged here a fitting occasion to speak in reference to the charges that were now being raked together against Sestius, and paid him some general compliments, in which everybody agreed. This incident gratified the good man exceedingly, and I mention it now to you because in your letters you have frequently advised me to keep on good terms with Sestius. Thus far I am writing on the twelfth before daybreak. To-day I am going to dine with Pomponius in honor of his wedding.

All that I need add about my position, is that it is one of dignity and influence, as you have frequently told me it would be, when I was afraid to believe it; and all this, my brother, has been won back for both of us by your patience, resolution, and affection, and, I must add, by your tact. A house near Piso's park that belonged to Lucinius has been hired for you; but I hope that in a few months, after the first of July, you will move into your own. Your house on the Carinæ has been taken on lease by some very respectable tenants, the Lamie. I have had no letter from you since the note from Olbia. I am anxious to know how you are getting on, and how you amuse yourself, but most of all to see your face again as soon as ever I may. Be sure, my dear brother, not to neglect your health, and, even though it is winter, recollect that you are now living in Sardinia. February 15.

XXXIV. (FAM. V. 12.)

A modesty almost clownish held me back when with you, trying often to propose those things which now more boldly at a distance I shall speak out; for the let-

ter cannot blush. I desire with an eagerness incredible, and not, as I think, blameworthy, that my name should be honored and exalted by your writing. Though you often have assured me that you would do this, yet I would wish you to pardon this haste of mine. I had always conceived a high expectation of your performances of this kind, yet it has so exceeded my ideas and has so fascinated, captivated, or rather kindled me, that I would wish as soon as possible that my deeds should be commemorated in your annals; for not alone the mention which posterity will make of me brings me to a certain hope of immortality, but this desire that in my lifetime I may enjoy the dignity of your testimony or the proof of your good-will or satisfaction of your genius. Nor yet while I write this am I ignorant under what a burden of productions, which you have undertaken and already begun, you are laboring, but since I see the history of the Italian and civil wars you have nearly finished, and moreover you have told me you are beginning other subjects, I do not like to lose the opportunity to remind you to consider whether you prefer to treat my deeds in connection with others, or as many Greeks have done, Callisthenes in writing of the Phocian war, Timæus, the war of Pyrrhus, Polybius of the Numantine war, all of whom separated from their general histories those wars which I have mentioned above, to separate yourself the civil strife from the wars with foreign enemies. I indeed do not see that for my glory it makes much difference, but to my impatience it is of some importance that you should not wait until you come to the place, but should grasp at once that whole subject and period. And at the same time, if your whole mind shall be devoted to one scene and character, I already foresee how much richer and more dignified your subject will be. And yet I am well aware what presumption I have in the first place

in putting so great a burden upon you, for your occupation can justify you in refusing me—then too in demanding you to honor me with applause. What if these deeds seem to you not to be worthy of honor? But yet, he who once has overstepped the bounds of modesty, ought to be entirely and completely presumptuous. So I openly ask you again and again that you honor these deeds more earnestly than perhaps you feel, and in the matter neglect the laws of history and not deny that favor about which you wrote so charmingly in a preface, by which you showed you could not be bent more than Hercules in the story of Xenophon by the allurements of pleasure. If friendship commends me to you strongly, grant to it a somewhat larger amount than truth will allow. But if I induce you to undertake this, there will be, as I am sure, material worthy your intelligence and skill. From the beginning of the conspiracy to the return of our men, a moderate volume seems to me can be collected. In it you will be able to display your knowledge of political changes by explaining causes of revolution or suggesting remedies for disasters when you blame those things which you think should be censured and praise with detailed arguments what pleases you. If you think the matter should be treated rather unrestrictedly in your useful style, you will note the faithlessness, plots, and betrayals of many men aimed at me. Moreover, my fortunes will supply you with great variety in writing, full of a certain pleasure which can powerfully hold the attention of men as they read. For nothing is more conducive to the pleasure of a reader than diversity of circumstances and changes of fortune. Though they were not acceptable in experience, they are yet interesting in description, for an account of trouble which is past, read in quietness, brings satisfaction. Truly to others who have suffered no discomfort of their

own, looking with no real grief on the misfortunes of others, to these compassion is a pleasure. For who of us is not stirred with a certain pity at the death of Epaminondas at Mantinea? He ordered the spear-head to be withdrawn from him after the reply was made to his inquiries that his shield was safe, so that he might die, even in the agony of his wound, peacefully and with honor. Whose enthusiasm as he reads is not stirred by the flight and return of Themistocles? For the regular chronology of events by itself interests us only slightly as a mere list of public occurrences; but often the doubtful and varied fortunes of a noble man cause wonder, expectation, joy, sorrow, hope, and fear; if indeed they come to a happy issue, the mind is filled with the greatest pleasure in reading. Therefore it will be more gratifying to me if you have in mind to separate from your continuous work, in which you include an uninterrupted history of events, this drama, so to speak, of my own deeds and circumstances; for it has different acts and changes of plot and time. But I have no fear of seeming to lay a trap for your favor by paltry flattery, when I show that I wish most of all to be honored and praised by you. For you are not such a man as not to know what sort of a person you are, and as not rather to regard as envious those men who do not admire you than those who praise you, as flatterers. Moreover, I am not so foolish as to wish to be commended to eternal honor by one who himself does not gain the glory of his own intellect by commending me. For Alexander the Great did not wish to be painted by Apelles, nor a statue of himself to be made by Lysippus, for the sake of conferring a favor, but because he thought their skill would be an honor both to them and to himself. However, these artists made known to strangers merely likenesses of the person. Even if there are none, illustrious men are yet not at

all less famous ; and that Agesilaus the Spartan, who allowed no likeness of himself to be painted or carved, is none the less celebrated than those who took pains in that respect ; for one little book of Xenophon in praise of that king accomplished more than all pictures and statues. And it will be more important to me, both for gladness of mind and honor of the recollection, if I shall come into your writings, than into those of other men, because not only your genius will be lavished upon me as upon Timoleon by Timæus or Themistocles by Herodotus, but the authority of a man most illustrious and respected, known and tested especially in the weightiest and most important affairs of the republic ; so that not only the celebrity which Alexander observed when he was at Sigeum, Achilles received from Homer, but also the powerful testimony of a great and illustrious man may appear to be bestowed on me. That Hector, as described by Nævius, pleases me, who not only rejoices that he is "praised," but adds by a praiseworthy man. / If you do not grant me this—that is, if anything hinders you—I shall be forced perhaps to do what some often object to ; I shall myself write of my life, yet with the example of many famous men. But in doing this there is this objection, as you know : it is necessary for men to write moderately of themselves if there is anything to praise, and pass over any fault ; too it happens that faith is less, authority is less, and many find fault and say the heralds in athletic contests are more modest who put crowns on others and announce their names in a loud voice, but when they themselves are awarded a crown before the conclusion of the contests, they call some other heralds that they may not by their own voices proclaim themselves as victors. This I wish to avoid, and if you will undertake the matter, I shall avoid it ; I ask you to do so. (But that you may not wonder why,

though you have often shown me that you would undertake punctiliously the record of my times and the results of my fortunes, I seek you now so earnestly and at such length, the desire of haste of which I wrote you at the beginning arouses me, because I am eager in mind that others shall know me in my lifetime from your books, and that I while alive shall enjoy my fame.

What you will do about this matter if it does not inconvenience you, I should like to have you write me: for if you undertake the matter, I will arrange notes of everything; but if you delay till some other time. I will talk with you face to face. Do not cease, but perfect what you have begun and love me.

XXXV. (ATT. IV. 10.)

At Puteoli there is a remarkable report that Ptolemy is in power. I am here devouring the library of Faustus; perhaps you had thought the productions of Puteoli and Lucrinum. These too are not lacking. But, by Hercules! as I have lost all taste for other enjoyments on account of the state, so I am sustained and renewed by books, and I prefer to sit on that little seat of yours which you have beneath the bust of Aristotle, than sit upon the eurule chair of these men, and to walk with you than with the one with whom I see I must walk. But chance will determine about that walk, or if there is any to care, God. I wish when you could you would go to see my court-yard and vapor-bath and those things which Cyrus has engaged to do, and urge Philotimus to be quick in order that I may be able to be in some degree as well off as you are in these respects. Pompey came to Cumæ at the time of the feast of Pales; he at once sent some one to me to inquire for me. I am going to him on the morning of the day after the writing of this letter.

✓ XXXVI. (FAM. VII. 1.)

If any pain of body or weakness of health hindered you from coming to the games, I lay it more to your good fortune than your wisdom; but if you thought you ought to hold in contempt what others admire and yet were unwilling to come, although you could as far as your health was concerned, I rejoice both that you were free from bodily pain and were strong in mind, since you despised those things which others foolishly admire. If only you have had some real enjoyment in your leisure, into which indeed you could enter with zest, since you were left almost alone in that charming estate of yours. And yet I do not doubt that you spent your mornings with short readings in your little chamber, from which you have made a view of your Stabian estate by cutting a window, and brought Misenum in sight during those days while those who had left you there were looking, half-awake, at common buffoons. You spent the rest of the day in truth in those delightful occupations which you had provided according to your own free will; but we had to endure what Spurius Mæcius had approved. On the whole, if you ask, the games were splendid, but not to your taste; for I judge yours from mine; for in the first place, in compliment to the occasion, those returned to the stage whom I thought had left it for the sake of their reputation; one of these was in truth your favorite, our Æsop, but he was so changed that it was agreed by all that he should be excused from acting. When he had begun to pronounce the oath, his voice failed him at the place, "If I knowingly forswear myself." Why should I recount the rest to you? For you know the other entertainments which had not even that charm which ordinary representations have. For the enormous parade, the magnificence of which I have no doubt that you

would very willingly have spared, evoked the mirth of all, for what pleasure do sixty mules furnish in "Clytemnestra?" Or three thousand shields in the "Trojan Horse?" Or the varied equipment of the infantry and cavalry in a mock battle? What people admire would have brought no pleasure to you. But if you through those days made use of your Protogenes, provided he read anything to you but my orations, you truly had not a little more pleasure than any of us; for I do not think you would have cared for Greek or Oscan farces, especially when you can see if you wish Oscan farces in your town council, and you object so to anything Greek that you will not even go by the Greek road to your estate. And why should I suppose that you care for athletes when you disapprove of the gladiators? Pompey himself makes it known that he has thrown away pains and expense on them. Besides, there were two combats of wild beasts each of the five days, magnificent—no one denies it—but what pleasure can they afford a man of refinement when either a feeble man is torn by a powerful beast, or a splendid animal is transfixed by the hunting-spear? Yet these sights you have often seen where there has been opportunity, and we who witnessed these saw nothing new. On the last day the combats of the elephants came, which amazed the common people, but did not delight them. But pity was aroused, and the general opinion was that these animals are in some degree akin to man. Yet that I may not perhaps seem to you to have been happy during these days and wholly at my ease, I nearly killed myself with pleading for your friend, Gallus Caninius. But if the people were as lenient to me as to Æsop, I would assuredly abandon my profession and live with you and others like me; for even though I was formerly wearied of it, when both my age and ambition urged me, and allowed me

then to defend no one whom I did not wish to, now truly it is no life at all, for I do not expect any result from my toil, and I am forced sometimes to defend men who do not deserve favors at my hands for the sake of those who do. And so I am thinking all kinds of life for the future according to my own pleasure, and I greatly admire and approve you and your plan of retirement, and I am not disturbed that you visit me so seldom because if you were at Rome, yet I could not enjoy your bright conversation, nor you mine—such as it is—because of my most harassing cares; if I disentangle myself from these, for I do not demand to be wholly free from them, I shall certainly show you, who have been for many years considering nothing else, what it is to live a life of refined pleasure. Take good care of your delicate health and see, as you do, that you may be able to come to my villas, accompanying me in my litter. I have written to you more at length than I am accustomed, not because I have any spare time, but on account of my love for you, because you hinted in a letter, if you remember, that I should write you something to make you less sorry to have missed the entertainment. If I have done this, I am glad; if not, I yet console myself with this, that hereafter you will come to the games and will see me, and will not rely on my letters for your amusement.

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XXXVII. (FAM. VII. 5.)

I must beg you to notice how I assume that you are really one with myself, not only in whatever concerns me in person, but even my friends as well. I had intended to take Caius Trebatius with me wherever I was to go; not intending that he should return without my having loaded him with every attention and service I could show. But now that I have found, first that

Pompey was longer in setting out than I had expected, and secondly, that a certain reason for hesitating—of which you are not unaware—seemed likely at least to delay my starting, if not to put a stop to it altogether, see what I have taken upon myself to promise. I found myself wishing that Trebatius could look to you for any patronage he had expected to receive from me, and upon my word and honor I have pledged myself to him for your good-will just as freely as I used to for my own. But hereupon an extraordinary coincidence happened to us as though to give evidence in favor of my opinion about you, and a pledge for your kindness. Just when I was speaking with more than my usual earnestness at my own house about this very Trebatius to our common friend Balbus, in comes a letter from you which concludes as follows: "Since he has your good word, I will make Marcus Rufus King of Gaul if you like; or if you prefer it, pass him on to the care of Lepta, and you can send me somebody else to give a place to." Both Balbus and I raised our hands in wonder; the coincidence here was so striking that it seemed somehow to be no chance, but the very act of Providence itself. Therefore I send Trebatius to you, and if my sending him was at first of my own motion, I regard it now as a thing to be done on your own invitation. I hope, my dear Caesar, you will so receive him with your wonted courtesy that whatever favors you could be induced by me to confer upon any of my friends, you will give this one friend the entire benefit of. As to his character, I pledge myself for this—and I am not using a hackneyed phrase, such as you justly rallied me on once when I wrote to you about Milo, but in true Roman fashion, as men speak who are not empty triflers—that a truer-hearted man, and a braver and less assuming man, does not exist; add to this that he is quite at the top of his profession in civil law from

his unequalled memory and vast learning. I do not ask for him either a tribuneship or a prefecture, or wish to limit you by specifying the name of any preferment; what I do ask you for is that you will show him your good-will and generosity; not that I have any objection, if you are so disposed, to your conferring upon him these little marks of distinction as well. In short, I pass him over, as they say, "from hand to hand"—to that hand of yours so eminent alike in its strength and its fidelity. You must allow me to be a little worrying; the thought of you might well forbid it, but I see it will be allowed. Farewell, and let me always enjoy the affection you now have for me.

XXXVIII. (FAM. VII. 6.)

In all the letters which I send to Cæsar or to Balbus I add a just recommendation of you, not a cheap one, but one which gives good proof of my good-will towards you. Only put aside that nonsense of yours and your longing for the city and city life, and follow with perseverance and courage the course you have set out upon; we your friends will pardon you this as they pardoned Medea: "Those who held the high citadel of Corinth, the wealthy matrons, noble women," whom she persuaded with gypsum-covered hands not to reckon it a fault that she was away from her native land; for "Many have helped their interests, public and private, far from their country; many there are who passed their lives at home, and are therefore unsuccessful." You would surely have been among that number if I had not driven you forth. But I will write more at another time. You who have taught caution to others, must be careful not to be caught by the men fighting in chariots, and as I began by quoting Medea,

always remember this: "He who cannot benefit himself by his wisdom, is wise for no purpose." Take care of your health.

XXXIX. (Q. FR. II. 16.)

When you receive a letter from me by the hand of an amanuensis, understand that I have not an atom of leisure, and if from my own hand, that I have very little; and believe that I have never been more pressed by cases and trials, and this too at a time of year most oppressive by reason of sultry heat. But I must endure these things since you so urge me, nor must I act so as to seem to fail of your and Caesar's hope and expectation, especially since, if this is somewhat difficult, I am likely to gain by this work great favor and honor. So, as it pleases you, I am devoting my energy not to offend the mind of any one, and even that those very ones who are sorry that I am associated with Caesar are on my side, and in truth those who are impartial or inclined to this side boldly cherish and uphold me. When the violent discussion about bribery was going on in the Senate, because the consular candidates had gone to such lengths that it was not to be borne, I was not in the Senate; I have resolved not to make any move towards any remedy for affairs of the state without strong support. On the day on which I write this, Drusus will be acquitted of collusion by the tribunes of the treasury, as a final result, by four votes, though the senators and knights voted against it. I am going to defend Vatinius this afternoon; that is an easy matter. The election is put into the month of September. The trial of Seaurus will soon take place, and I shall be concerned in it. I have not approved at all the "Table Companions" of Sophocles, though I see the play was rendered wittily by you. I now come to that which

perhaps should have come first; how pleased I am with a letter from Britain. I feared the ocean, I feared the coast of the island. I do not indeed overlook the other dangers, but they bring more hope than fear, and I am more agitated by these hopes than by fear. I see you have a fine subject for writing; what a place you are in! What kinds of things and places, what customs, what tribes, what contests, and what a leader you have! I will gladly help you, as you ask, with what you wish, and will send the verses to you which you request, *an owl to Athens*. But I think you are keeping me in the dark; and how, my brother, did Cæsar treat my verses? For he wrote me he had read the first book, and it was such good Greek that he said he had never read better; but the rest to a certain place was too carelessly written—for I choose this expression. Tell me truly, whether the subject or the style did not please him. There is nothing for you to fear; for I shall be not one bit less pleased with myself. Write about this matter candidly and in a brotherly fashion, as is your wont.

J

XLI. (FAM. VII. 10.)

I have read your letter, from which I understand that you seem to Cæsar to be a wonderful lawyer. You have reason to be glad that you are in a country where you are taken for a wise man; if you had gone to Britain, it is certain that no one even in that great island would have been more learned. Yet in truth—let me laugh, for you provoke my laughter—I am almost envious of you, that without asking you were invited by him whom others cannot approach, not because of his haughtiness, but his lack of leisure. But in your letter you wrote me nothing of your affairs, which I assure you I am as much interested in as in my own. I am much afraid that you are cold in your winter quarters,

so I think you should have a fire-place with a bright fire in it—this is also the opinion of Mucius and Manilius—especially as you are not rich in military cloaks. At the same time I hear that now you are all warm enough where you are; at this news I feared greatly for you. But in the art of war you are much more cautious than in your profession, as you were unwilling to swim in the ocean, though very fond of swimming, and to see the charioteers, you whom we used not to be able to cheat out of a blind gladiator. But I have jested enough for now. How earnestly I have written about you to Cæsar, you know; how often, I. But I have already ceased lest I should seem to distrust the goodwill of a most gracious man, who is most considerate of me; and yet I thought I ought to remind him in my last letter. I did so; what I have accomplished I wish you would let me know, and at the same time write me about all your circumstances and plans; for I wish to know what you are doing, what are your expectations, and how long you think you will be gone from me. For this I wish you could believe, that the only comfort to make me bear more easily the separation from you is that I know it is an advantage to you; but if it is not, we two are exceedingly foolish, I in not dragging you to Rome, you in not flying hither. I am sure that a single interview, serious or jocose, between us will be worth more, I will not say than our enemies, but our brother, the Hædui. Then let me know about everything as soon as possible; I will aid you by consolation, advice, or action.

XLI. (Q. FR. III. 5 and 6.)

In regard to your question as to what I have done about those books which, when I was at Cumæ, I determined to write, I have not abandoned my attempt, nor am I doing so, but often already I have changed the

whole plan and method of the work; for I finished two books in which I represented a discussion on the nine-day festival which occurred in the consulship of Tuditanus and Aquilius a little before the death of Africanus. It was between myself and Lælius, Philus, Manilius, Publius Rutilius, Quintus Tubero, and the sons-in-law of Lælius, Fannius and Scævola. The discussion, which lasted for nine days and occupied nine books, was in regard to the best condition of a state and the best citizen—assuredly this work was clearly put together, and the dignity of the characters added some weight to the treatise. When these books of mine were read in Tusculum before Sallust, he suggested to me that these subjects could be treated with greater weight if I should speak in my own character about the state, especially as I was not Heraclides Ponticus, but of consular rank, and one who was engaged in most important affairs. What I attributed to men of ancient times seemed as though it were a fabrication. It was well in that work of mine on the art of oratory that I took the discussion from my own mouth and gave it to those with whom I was acquainted; and too that Aristotle speaks, who wrote on the state and the good citizen. He influenced me, and the more because I could not touch on the greatest agitations of our state, because they were of later date than the time of those whom I supposed to be speaking. But indeed I had purposely adopted this plan at that time lest I should offend any by coming into our own times. Now I will avoid this, and I will myself speak with you; yet I will send you what I have begun if I come to Rome. For you will suppose, I have no doubt, that these books have not been given up by me without considerable reluctance. I am singularly pleased with the favor of Cæsar, of which you have written me; I do not greatly depend on the promises he makes. I do not thirst for

honor nor desire glory, and I await the continuance of his good-will rather than the result of his promises; yet my life is one of such effort to please him and such labor as if I were looking out for what I do not ask. As to your asking me about making verses, it is incredible, my brother, how much time I need, and I am not sufficiently inspired in mind to compose what you wish. Subjects truly for things which I myself cannot even follow in thought you ask from me, you who excel all in your style of fluency and expression. Yet I would do it if I were able, but as you can but know, for poetry one needs a certain cheerfulness of spirit which the times we live in completely take from me. I do indeed withdraw myself from all public cares, and devote myself to literature; yet I will confess to you something which I earnestly wish I could hide from you above all others. I suffer anguish, my dearest brother, real anguish, to think that there is no constitution, no administration of justice, and that, at a time of life when I ought to be enjoying my proper influence in the Senate, I have to toil at the Bar or to console myself only by private employments in literature—while that aim which from a boy I had passionately desired, “ever to excel and to be above others,” has wholly failed; my enemies I must partly abstain from attacking, partly must defend; not only my inclination, but my very hatred, is not free; and that of all around me I have only found Cæsar, to love me as much as I would be loved, or even (as some think) to love me at all. Yet there is nothing of such a nature that I should not be greatly consoled every day, but it will be the greatest consolation if we are together. Now to these troubles is added this grievous want of you. If I had defended Gabinus as Pansa thought I ought to have done, I should have been ruined; those who hate him—they are of all ranks—on account of him whom they hate

would be beginning to hate me. I held my position, as I think, uncommonly well, so as to do only so much as all might see; and in everything, according to your advice, I turn myself preëminently to leisure and quiet. For your book, *Tyrannio* is an idler; I would say *Chrysippus*, but it is a laborious matter, and is a task for a diligent man; I feel it is a toilsome work, and make little progress, though I use all diligence. For Latin writers in truth I do not know where to turn; so incorrectly they are enrolled and offered for sale, yet I will not neglect what can be done. *Crebrius*, as I before wrote you, is at Rome, and while he confesses that he owes you everything, he obstinately refuses payment. I suppose that the account was made up from the treasury, while I was away.

When you write you have completed four tragedies in sixteen days, would you wish to borrow anything from another, and ask for a loan, when you have written the "*Electra*" and the "*Troades*"? I am unwilling to be an idler, and to think that "*know thyself*" was said only to decrease pride, but truly that we may know our own resources. But I wish you would send me these of yours and the "*Erigona*." This is long enough for two letters.

XLII. (FAM. VII. 12.)

I wonder why it is that you have ceased writing to me; my friend *Pansa* has informed me that you have become an Epicurean. A glorious camp to join! What would you have done if I had sent you to *Tarentum* and not to *Samarobriva*? For some time back I have not been satisfied with you, since you took up the same views as my friend *Zeius*. But how will you defend civil law, when you do everything for the sake of yourself, not of the citizens? What will become of that

formal pledge—as there should be good conduct among good men—for what good man is there who does nothing except on his own account? What rule of right will you lay down for division of a common stock when nothing can be common among men who measure all things by their own pleasure? How will you be pleased to swear by the statue of Jupiter, when you know Jupiter can be angry at no one? Then what will become of the people of Ulubre if you have determined it is wrong to be a politician? So if you really are deserting us, I am sorry; but if you merely find it convenient to agree with Pansa, I excuse you. But write occasionally to me what you are doing, and what you wish me to do or take charge of for you.

XLIII. (FAM. VII. 18.)

I have received several letters from you at once which you sent at different times; in them almost everything pleased me; for they showed that you are brave and earnest in enduring your military service with resolution. I have had some suspicion that you did not have these qualities, though not as I have perceived any weakness in your disposition, but I have thought it was because your longing for me made you uneasy. Therefore go on as you have begun; bear your military service steadfastly; believe me, you will gain many things. I will renew my commendation at a proper occasion. I wish you to know that it is no less a care to me than to you that your separation from me should be as profitable as possible to you; therefore, since your bonds are unsafe, I send you a small Greek one in my own writing. I wish you to keep me informed about the aspect of the Gallic war; I trust most the report of the greatest coward. But to return to your letters, almost everything was excellent, but

this I wonder at; for who is accustomed to give many copies of the same original, who writes with his own hand? I approve indeed of your writing on a palimpsest, but I wonder what there was on that bit of paper which you preferred to erase rather than to write these words, except perhaps your legal documents; for I do not think you destroy my letters in order to inscribe yours. Do you mean to tell me that you cannot get on at all? That you are frozen with the cold? That you have not even a sheet of paper left? Well, it is your own fault for taking your modesty out there with you, and not leaving it behind with me. I shall earnestly commend you to Balbus when he goes to you. Do not be surprised if there is a long interval between my letters; for I am to be away in the month of April. This letter I have written from Pomptinus, having come to the house of Marcus Æmilius Philemo, where I am within hearing of my noisy clients, for whose friendship I am indebted to you; for it appears at Ulubræ that they have aroused all the strength of their croaking in my honor. Farewell.

XLIV. (FAM. V. 17.)

I have not written you lately, not because I have forgotten our friendship or ceased my correspondence with you, but because the former part of our separation was a time of dejection during which the state and myself were both ruined, and afterwards I was kept from writing by your undeserved and severe misfortunes. When indeed a sufficiently long time has elapsed and I have earnestly thought over your uprightness and greatness of mind, I think it would not be inconsistent with my principles to write this to you; I defended you, Publius Littius, both in those early times when in your exile you were attacked by jealousy and slander, and

when in the trial and danger of your best friend your accusation was involved, as carefully as I could, I guarded your interests, and lately, on my recent return to Italy, when I would have taken offence at the affair which had been managed otherwise than I would have advised if I had been present, yet in nothing did I fail your cause; and at this time, when ill-feeling arising from scarcity of corn, your own private enemies, and besides them the private enemies of your friends, the corruption of the judges, and many other public iniquities had prevailed against the truth of the case itself, I have failed you neither in action, advice, toil, favor, nor in evidence. Therefore having scrupulously and punctiliously attended to all the duties of friendship, I felt I ought not to omit this, to urge and demand you to remember that you are a man and a hero, that is, that you endure with wisdom those common vicissitudes of fortune which no one of us can avoid, and for which no one is answerable; resist bravely the attacks of good or evil fortune, and consider that both in our state and in others which are mighty, such misfortunes have happened to many brave and excellent men through unjust judgments. I wish it were not the truth that I am writing, but you are banished from a state in which there is nothing to the satisfaction of a wise man! If I write nothing to you about your son, I fear that you will think I have not taken the notice of his goodness which it deserves, but if I write everything which I know, I am afraid I shall renew your longing and grief; yet you will do most wisely if you consider that his affection, uprightness, and industry are yours, and go with you wherever you are; for what we grasp in spirit is no less ours than what we see with our eyes. So his remarkable virtue and surpassing love to you ought to be a great comfort, as well as the rest of us, who esteem you now and always, not for your fortune,

but your goodness, and especially your consciousness when you think that nothing which has happened has been deserved by you, and add this thought, that wise men are disturbed by baseness, not chance; by their own faults, and not the assaults of others. And in remembrance of our former friendship and the goodness and consideration of your son, I shall nowhere be wanting to comfort you or improve your fortune; if there is anything about which you write me, I will make you sure you have not written in vain.

✓ XLV. (FAM. III. 2.)

It is contrary to my wish and expectation that I must go into the province with military authority. Among my many uneasy thoughts and reflections, there comes to me this one consolation, that no one could ever come to you in more friendly spirit than I, nor could I receive a province from any one who would give it to me in so good a condition and so free from difficulties. But if you have the same hope of my good-will toward you, assuredly it will never fail you. By that closest tie between us and your characteristic generosity I ask and beg you again and again, especially by whatever means you can—and you have many at your command—to give attention to and look after my prospects. You see by the decree of the Senate I must accept the government of the province. If you will transfer it as smoothly as possible to me, the running-out, as I may call it, of my appointed period will be easier. What you can do in the affair is a matter of your own discretion. I earnestly request you to do whatever may occur to you as useful to me. I would write more to you, if either your kindness or our friendship suffered me to dwell longer on the subject, or if the matter needed words and did not rather speak for itself. I

should like to persuade you that I shall have continued pleasure if I know you are looking after my interests.

Y

XLVI. (ATT. V. 1.)

I truly saw your feelings at my departure, and am witness to my own state of mind; all the more must you see to it that no new decree may be made that this loss which we feel may not be for more than a year. You have cared well for Annius Saturninus. With regard to giving security, I ask you, as long as you are at Rome, to do it for me yourself; there are also some securities which might be given by mortgage, as for example on my Mennian or Atilian farm. In the case of Oppius, I am gratified by what you have done, and particularly because you have promised payment of the 800 sesterces. This I wish by all means to be paid, even though I have to borrow for it so as not to wait for the full exaction of all debts due me. Now I come to that line of your letter which was written across at the end of it, in which you remind me of your sister. This is the state of affairs; as I came to Arpinum, where my brother came to me, our conversation, and that a long one, was preeminently about you; from this I came to those things which you and I had said together in Tusculum about your sister. I never saw such mildness and gentleness as my brother manifested toward her, so that if there was any annoyance on account of expense, it was not apparent. So that day was passed, and the next day I left Arpinum. Quintus was obliged to remain at Arpinum on account of the day, but I remained at Aquinum, but dined at Arpinum. You know this farm; as we arrived, Quintus said politely, "Pomponia, do you invite the ladies while I ask the gentlemen." Nothing, as it seemed to me, could have been more gentle either than his words, his spirit,

or his expression. But she in my hearing said, "I am only a stranger here." This, as I think, occurred because Statius had gone on before to see to our dinner. Then Quintus said to me, "See what I endure every day." You will say, "Pray what was there in all this that you tell me?" It was a great matter and annoyed even me; she answered so unreasonably and roughly in words and looks. I appeared not to notice it, vexed as I was. We all sat down to dinner except Pomponia, to whom, however, Quintus sent food from the table, but she refused it. Why more? Nothing seemed to me more considerate than my brother or more irritating than your sister, and I pass over many things which were more annoying to me than to Quintus himself. Thence I went to Aquinum, and Quintus remained in Arcanum, and early the next morning came to me at Aquinum. He told me she was not willing to sleep with him, and when the time of departure came was just as I had seen her. In short, you may say this to her, that in my opinion she was on that day lacking in courtesy. This I have written to you perhaps somewhat at length, that you might see that you too had a duty to do, in teaching and admonishing. It remains for you to finish my commissions completely before you set out; write me everything, hurry Pomptinus off, take care to let me know when you have left Rome. Be sure that no one is more dear or beloved than you. At Minturnæ I parted affectionately with Aulus Torquatus, an excellent man; please let him know in conversation that I have mentioned him to you.

XLVII. (Att. V. 10.)

Since my arrival at Athens, on June 25th, I have been waiting four days for Pomptinus, and I have no certain information about his coming. I am always

present in mind with you, and though I should do so of myself without these memorials of you, yet reminded by them, I think of you the more ardently. In short, I talk of nothing but you. But perhaps you prefer to know something about myself; here it is, up to this time there has been no public or private outlay for me or any of my men. Nothing is received under the provisions of the Julian law, and no hospitality has been accepted. All my followers have been convinced that my reputation should be advanced; well so far. This when recognized was generally discussed and praised by the Greeks. For the rest, I am taking great trouble in this matter, in the way which I felt that you would wish. But let me praise these things when I have finished them. Other things are such that I often find fault with my plan of action in not in some way escaping from this business. Alas, for an undertaking so little suited to my habits! Let every man do his own work. Will you say, "What is your trouble so far? For you are not yet engaged in your business." I know it, and I think more trouble is to come; though I indeed bear these very ones most beautifully as far as the expression of my countenance goes, but I am tortured in mind. So many things, either in anger or insolence or with every kind of stupidity, are foolishly and discourteously said or left unsaid daily. These things I do not write at length, not because I wish to hide them from you, but because they are hard to express; so you will admire my dignity when we return safe, I give so much care for the cultivation of this quality. Therefore I will only write so far of these matters also; though I have nothing before me to write about, since I have not an idea what you are doing, or where in the world you are, nor was I ever so ignorant of my own affairs, what has been done about my accounts with Cæsar and Milo. Not only no person, but

not even any rumor has reached me to let me know what is going on in the republic. So if there is anything you know of these matters which you think I wish to know, it will oblige me if you will see that I am informed of it. What more is there? Nothing, indeed, but this; I am much pleased with Athens, I mean the crowds, and the beauty of the city, and the devotion of the inhabitants to you, and a certain kindness toward me, and especially that philosophy which turns things upside down, exemplified as it is in Aristus, at whose house I am,—for I have yielded your Zeno, or rather mine, to Quintus, and yet we have spent whole days together, as we are so near. As soon as you can, write your plans to me, that I may know what you are doing, where you are from time to time, especially when you will be at Rome.

XLVIII. (FAM. XIII. 1.)

Although I did not feel quite sure whether it would cause me some distress or pleasure instead to see you at Athens, because the injustice which you have suffered would have pained me, and the wisdom with which you endure the injury causes me joy, yet I should prefer to have seen you; for whatever sorrow there is truly does not become lighter when I do not see you; what pleasure there could have been, certainly if I had seen you, would have been increased. So I shall not hesitate to take special pains to see you when I can do so conveniently; meanwhile I will lay before you a matter which can be proposed and, as I trust, carried through by letter. But I will first ask you that you will do nothing for me against your will, but will so grant me the favor which you know is of so much importance to me, but affects you in no way, if you persuade yourself to do it cheerfully. Between Patro the

Epicurean and myself there is entire friendship, except that I entirely disagree with him on the subject of philosophy; but both formerly at Rome, when he adhered to you and your friends, he especially paid me honor, and lately, when he obtained the privileges and advantages he wished, he considered me almost the chief of his defenders and friends; and now he was brought and introduced to me by Phædrus, whom I while a boy, before I knew Philo, esteemed especially as a philosopher, and then as a man who was upright, agreeable, and scrupulous; accordingly, this Patro sent a letter to me at Rome, that I might reconcile you to him. Then he asked that you should yield to him those fallen walls of Epicurus; I wrote you nothing about the matter because I was unwilling that your plans for building should be hindered by a suggestion of mine. As he asked me to write the same thing to you since my arrival at Athens, I have granted his request for this reason, that it is the general opinion of your friends that you have abandoned that building. If this is the case, and if it is now of no importance to you, I wish if for any reason your mind has been prejudiced because of the perversity of certain persons—for I know his countrymen—you would be forgiving both from your own generosity and for the sake of my honor. If you wish to know what my opinions are, I for my part do not see why he is so strenuous, nor why you refuse; though one can much less allow you than him to be obstinate without reason. However, I am sure that you know of the plea which Patro alleges; he claims he must guard the honor, the obligation, the right of the will, the authority of Epicurus, the solemn promise of Phædrus, the home, the dwelling-place, the memory of his illustrious predecessors. We may laugh at the whole life and system which he follows in his philosophy, if we wish to censure this effort of his;

but truly, since I am not very much opposed personally to him and others who accept these views, I may have to pardon him if he labors earnestly. Moreover, if he is wrong in this respect, he is wrong through weakness rather than wickedness. But not to say more—for I must say it some time—I love Pomponius Atticus as another brother; nothing is dearer or more agreeable to me than he. He—not because he is of these, for he is most refined through all liberal teaching, but he is very devoted to Patro and Phædrus—he has sought this in such a way from me, he, a man who is the least ambitious and troublesome in his demands, more earnestly than he ever sought anything else. He has no doubt but that I can obtain this from you by a nod, even if you are about to build. Now, in truth, if he hears you have abandoned the building, and yet I have not gained the point from you, he will think, not that you are disobliging to me, but that I was remiss toward him. So I beg you to write to your agents that by your wish that so-called record of the Areopagus can be annulled. But I come back to the first point; I wish you to persuade yourself that you do this freely on my account before you do it. And be assured if you do that which I ask, it will greatly oblige me. Farewell.

XLIX. (FAM. II. 8.)

Why, do you think I asked you to send word to me about the matching of gladiators, deferred securities, the theft of Chrestus, and those things which no one ventures to mention to me when I am in Rome? See how much I defer to you in my judgment—and not without reason; for I have yet known no one more skilled in politics than you. I do not care to have you write me events which are taking place which concern the interests of the state, except what has reference to

myself; others will write me, others will bring reports to my ears, and rumor itself will bear many things. So I expect from you an account, not of the past or present, but the view of a man looking far into the future, in order that I may know when I have seen from your letters the plan of the state what will be its structure. Nor yet have I any charge against you; nor was it that you could foresee better than any of us, and especially than I, who passed many days with Pompey in conversation about the state; these things neither can nor should be written. Be assured of this, that Pompey is a remarkable citizen by foresight and prudence for every emergency in the state. So throw yourself on his side; he will honor you, believe me. For he entertains the same opinion that we do of those who seem good and bad citizens. I have been at Athens just ten days, and Gallus Caninius has been much with me; I go from here July 14 at the very time of sending this letter to you. I wish all my interests to be very dear to you, and particularly that my residence in the province be not prolonged; this is everything to me. You will best decide when and how and through whom it must be done.

L. (ATT. V. 16.)

I am on the march, indeed at this very moment on the road, but the messengers of the tax-contractors are just about to start, and though we are moving along, I thought I must send a few jottings about things which really want a fuller explanation. I assure you that about my arrival on the last day of July in this province, broken down and hopelessly ruined as it is, there were immense expectations. I stayed three days at Laodicea, three at Apameia, and the same at Synnada. Everywhere it has been the same story: that they can-

not pay the poll-tax which has been imposed on them; that the purchases of all have had to be sold; that there are groans and cries from every district; things often not like the acts of a human being, but of some monstrous beast. In short, their life is simply a burden to them. Still the wretched cities are finding some relief in having no expense whatever to incur, either for myself, or my staff or my paymaster, or anybody. I must tell you that I not only decline to accept forage, and all that is usually allowed us under Cæsar's act, but even fire-wood: none of us, in fact, accepts a single thing beyond four beds and the shelter of a roof; in many places not even the roof, and we not uncommonly stay in our tents. The consequence is that there is astonishing enthusiasm about coming to greet us from the country, from the villages, and from every house. I solemnly declare that my coming here, if nothing else, seems to be making them lift their heads again under the just, forbearing, and merciful rule of your Cicero, he has so exceeded all expectation. Appius, when he heard of our approach, flung himself into a corner of the province, as far as Tarsus in fact, where he holds his court. I hear nothing about the Parthians, but the people who come by Syria report that our cavalry has been cut to pieces by some wild hordes. Bibulus does not even yet think of going to his province; the reason of this they say is that he does not want to leave any earlier than they can help. I am hurrying on to reach our camp, which is two days distant.

LI. (FAM. XV. 2.)

If you are well, I am very glad, and I am in good health. The obstructions met with in the way by land and sea preventing my reaching my province until July 31, I thought it my first duty, and for the advan-

tage of the state, to prepare the things which belong to the army and the military equipment. I arranged these more by care and diligence than by supplies and material. Since messengers and letters about the attacks of the Parthians upon the province of Syria were brought nearly every day, I thought it advisable to move through Lycaonia and Isauri and Cappadocia; for I had a strong suspicion that if the Parthians attempted to go from Syria and invade my province, they would make their way through Cappadocia, as it lay very much exposed. And so with the army I went through that part of Cappadocia which is adjacent to Cilicia and encamped at Cybistra, a town which is near the Taurus range. I did this in order that Artavasdes, the Armenian king, whatever might be his intention, might know that the Roman army was not far from his boundaries, and that I might be as near as possible to Deiotarus, a king most trusty and favorable to the republic, whose advice and wealth could be of great assistance to the state. As soon as I had finished my encampment, I sent the cavalry into Cilicia, that my approach, when announced to the states on that side, might strengthen the minds of all, and that I could early know what was taking place in Syria. I thought that, during the three days that I continued in this camp, I should be engaged in important and necessary business. For since your authority had commanded me to take the worthy and faithful Ariobarzanes under my protection and to defend the safety of his person and the security of his kingdom, and to be a guard both to king and state, and you had added that "the welfare of that king was much the concern of the Senate and the Roman people," an honor which had been voted by our body in the case of no other king at any time, I thought I should deliver your will to the king and promise him my protection and faith and dili-

gence, in order that he might let me know of anything he wished, since the protection of his person and the safety of his kingdom had been entrusted to me. When I had said these things in the conversation with the king, at first he gave most hearty thanks to you, as he ought, and then again to me, because he thought it a most noble honor that his safety should be of so much concern to the Senate and the Roman people, and I had so much consideration that I convinced him of my sincerity and the authority of your commendation. It was a great relief to me that he first gave me to understand that he knew of no plots against either his life or his kingdom, nor did he even have any suspicion. After congratulating him and saying that I was pleased, I warned him to remember the fate of his father, and be on the alert in his own behalf and according to the warning of the Senate, to look out for his safety. Then he left me and went into the town of Cybistra. But the next day, with Ariarathes, his brother, and some of the venerable friends of his father, he came to me in the camp, all of them alarmed and weeping, and began to beg my protection and appeal to your recommendation. When I wondered what new thing had happened, he said proofs of open plots had been laid before him, which had been hidden before my coming, because those who could reveal them had maintained a silence through fear; but at this time many relying on my protection boldly declared to him what they knew; they said that his brother, who was most affectionate to him and had the greatest love for him—the very things which he too said in my hearing—had been solicited to wish to reign; he could not have gained this object in his brother's lifetime, yet he had never revealed the matter before that time because of his fear of risk. When he had said this, I advised the king to bend all his energy to self-preservation, and I exhorted the

friends who had been approved by his father and grandfather to defend with all diligence and care the life of their king, as taught by the cruel fate of his father. When the king asked me for cavalry and cohorts from my army, although I knew I was not only empowered by a decree of the Senate to grant this, but even ought, yet as the interests of the state demanded that, on account of daily messengers from Syria, I should lead the army as soon as possible to the confines of Cilicia, and since the king, when now the plots were revealed, seemed to me not to need the aid of the Roman army, but to be able to defend himself by the resources under his control, I exhorted him to learn to rule first by preserving his own life; to use his royal prerogative first in the case of those whom he must, and free the rest from fear; to use the protection of my army to intimidate those who were guilty, rather than to struggle with them. I said too that all, when they knew the decree of the Senate, would know that if necessary I would protect the king by your authority. After he was thus encouraged, I moved my camp from there. I have decided to march into Cilicia when I leave Cappadocia with this thought, that by your advice, through a chance incredible and almost divine, my coming freed from plots already formed, a king whom you had mentioned in most honorable terms, though no one urged it, and had entrusted to my faith, and whose safety you had decreed was of great importance to you. I thought it was not out of place that I should write this to you, that you may know from these things which nearly happened that you provided against their occurrence. I inform you especially because in King Ariobarzanes I think I have seen such marks of valor, ability, faith, and good will toward you that you seem, not without reason, to have taken such pains and been so zealous for his safety.

LII. (ATT. V. 20.)

Early in the morning of the Saturnalia, the people of Pindenissus surrendered to me, on the seventeenth day after we began to besiege them. "Who the mischief are these people of Pindenissus? Who are they?" you will ask. "I never heard the name." What should I do? Could I change Cilicia into Ætolia or Macedonia? Now, be it understood that such great movements could not have been carried on, either with this army or in this place. Learn these things in a short account, for in a former letter you have granted this permission. How I came to Ephesus you know, for you even congratulated me upon my reception upon that day which pleased me more than anything had ever done before. After leaving there, I was remarkably received in those towns along the way, and I came to Laodicea the last day of July. While remaining there two days, I was highly honored, and I removed the impression of former injuries by complimentary words. I did the same at Apamea, where I stayed five days, at Synnas three days, at Philomelium five days, and at Iconium ten days. Nothing was better than that judicial decision at that time, nothing more courteous or more effective. There I encamped August 26; August 30 I reviewed the army at Inconium. As important news came from the Parthians, I pushed from this camp into Cilicia by that part of Cappadocia which adjoins Cilicia, with the idea that the Armenian Artavasdes and the Parthians should think themselves cut off from Cappadocia. When I had been encamped five days at Cybistra, I was informed that the Parthians were far away from that approach to Cappadocia, and were threatening Cilicia; so I hastily marched into Cilicia through the defile of the Taurus range. I came to Tarsus October 5; then I marched to Amanus, which divides Syria from

Cilicia at the water-shed. This mountain is continually swarming with warlike tribes. Here, on the thirteenth of October, we killed many of the enemy. By an approach of Pomptinus in the night, and my arrival in the morning, we seized and burned a strongly fortified citadel; I was saluted as Imperator. For a few days we held that very camp which Alexander had held against Darius at Issus, an Imperator not a little better than you or I. There I remained five days, plundering and wasting Amanus, and then departed; for you know the rumor of panics and the unfounded terrors of war. At the report of my approach Cassius, who was being held at Antioch, took courage, and the Parthians became alarmed; so Cassius, following them on their retreat from the town, was successful; in that flight Osaces, a man of great authority, leader of the Parthians, received a wound from the effects of which he died in a few days. My name is in great honor in Syria. In the meantime came Bibulus; I suppose he wished to be equal to me in this vain title: in that same Amanus he began to look for a laurel-wreath in a cake. But he lost the whole cohort and a centurion of the first rank, a distinguished officer, Asinius Dento, and others of that same cohort, and Sextus Lucilius, military tribune, the son of Titus Gavins Cæpio, a rich and excellent man. Surely he incurred a terrible disaster in fact, and especially in consideration of the time. I went to Pindenissus, the best fortified town within the memory of all free Cilicians, which was then in arms. The men were fierce and bold, and prepared in every way for defence. We besieged them by a wall and ditch, a very high mound, a lofty tower, a great abundance of missiles, many arrows, and spent great labor and preparation on the work. Though many men were wounded, the army was unhurt, and we accomplished the work. The Saturnalia was a joyful occasion to the

soldiers at least, to whom we allowed the remainder of the booty after taking the horses. The slaves were sold on the third day of the Saturnalia. While I am writing this, there is property worth 12,000 sester tia on the stand. From here I give over the army to my brother Quintus to lead into winter-quarters in a region scarcely subdued. I myself am going to Laodicea. This is the condition so far. But let me return to what I have omitted. As to your special exhortation, which is of more importance than everything else, in which you are exerting yourself, that I may satisfy the obstinate critic, I shall die, if anything can be done more elegantly. And I do not now call this temperance which seems a virtue to resist pleasure; in my life I have never been affected by so great pleasure as now by this integrity of mine, and my great reputation delights me not so much as the affair itself. In short, it was worth while; I myself neither knew nor sufficiently understood what I was capable of in this direction; I have rightly been puffed up. There is nothing more worthy of note. Meanwhile these things are glorious. Ariobarzanes lives and reigns through my efforts; in passing by my advice and authority, and by refusing not only to receive gifts, but even to see the intriguers against him, I saved the king and his kingdom. Meanwhile I have exacted from Cappadocia not even a mite; I cheered Brutus in his despair as much as I could—Brutus, whom I love not less than you do, I almost said not less than you. And, moreover, I hope that in the whole year of my command there will not be a farthing of expense in the province. You have it all. Now I am preparing to send an official report to Rome. It will be fuller than if I had sent it from Amanus. But you will not be at Rome! But the important thing is what will take place on the first of March, for I fear lest, when action is taken about Cæsar's province, if he

resists, I shall be kept here. If you were to be there then, I should not fear it. I come back to the affairs in the city, of which I was ignorant for a long time, but learned of through your very acceptable letter of December 28. Philogenes, your freedman, took care that it was brought over a long and somewhat unsafe way. I did not, however, receive the one you write that you gave to the slaves of Lænius. The resolution of the Senate concerning Cæsar, and the hopes that you have, please me. If he yields to it, I am safe. I am not sorry that Seius was singed by the fire of Plætorius. I desire to know why Luceius was so censorious in the case of Quintus Cassius. When I come to Laodicea, I shall be ordered to give the white toga to Quintus, your sister's son, whom I will somewhat restrain. Deiotarus, whose great aid I have used, is about to join me at Laodicea with the two Ciceros, as he has written. I await your letter from Epirus, that I may have an account not only of your work, but also of your leisure. Nicanor is at his duty, and I treat him liberally; as I think, I shall send him to Rome with my public report, that it may be very carefully carried, and he may bring back to me a trustworthy account concerning and from you. It pleases me that Alexis so often sends greeting in a postscript; but why does he not do the same with his letters that my Alexis does to you? I am looking out for a horn for Phemius. But this is enough. Take care of your health, and let me know when you think of going to Rome. Again and again, farewell.

I most carefully, when at Ephesus, commended you and your adherents to Thermus, and have again done so by letter, and I have known that he is most studious of your welfare. I wish, as I have before written, you would give attention to the house of Pammenus, so that what the boy has by our kindness you may see is

not taken from him in any way. I not only consider this a matter of honor to both of us, but a pleasure to me.

LIII. (FAM. VII. 32.)

Because you sent me a letter familiarly as you should without your first name, I at first was in doubt whether it was from Volumnius the senator, with whom I have much intercourse; then the wit of the letter was such that I knew it was yours; in this letter I was pleased with everything but this, that you, my bailiff, are not careful enough in protecting my property in my salt-works; for you say after my departure every one's jokes, even those of Sestius, were ascribed to me. What? Do you allow it? Do you not defend me? Do you not resist? I indeed hoped that I had left the examples of my wit so well known that they could be easily recognized. But since there is such a vulgar crowd in the city, that there is nothing so vile as not to seem graceful to some one, unless some pointed ambiguity, some elegant hyperbole, some neat fun, some ridiculous surprise, or some example scientifically and ingeniously expressed of the other forms which I have discussed in the second book of "De Oratore" in the character of Antonius on the subject of witticisms shall appear, as you love me, fight like one contending in a real suit that they are not mine. For as to your complaints about the law-proceedings, I am much less anxious; as far as I am concerned all the defendants may be hung; let even Selius be so eloquent as to succeed in proving that he is not a knave, I care not. My proprietary right in the case of humor let us defend, I beseech you, by all possible bars. In this I fear you alone and care nothing for the others. Do you think I am laughing at you? Now at least I know how sensible you are. But this is without joking; your letter seemed to me

witty and elegant. What followed, ridiculous as it was, did not make me laugh. For I wish that friend of mine had more dignity in his office as tribune, and this not only on his own account, for he is dearly connected with me, as you know, but for the sake of the republic which I shall never cease to love, no matter how ungrateful it is to me. My dear Volumnius, since you have begun and see it is a pleasure to me, write very often of the affairs in the city and the state. The style of your letter is pleasing to me. Besides, exhort and encourage Dolabella and gain him wholly for my interests, as I perceive and judge he is most loving and fond of me—not because he needs any applications of this sort, but because I am very desirous, I do not seem to be too earnest.

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LIV. (FAM. XV. 5.)

It is with sincere pleasure, as patriotism and friendship would alike dictate, that I see the spirit, integrity, and vigilance which we knew so well in the great crisis of your civil administration at home, now addressing themselves in unimpaired vigor to the conduct of our arms abroad. I have therefore only acted in accordance with my convictions in endeavoring to pay due honor, both in my speeches and in the vote I proposed, to the integrity and judgment with which you have protected a province, saved the person and crown of King Ariobarzanes, and brought back the feeling of our allies to a loyal enthusiasm for our rule. If you prefer that we should give thanks to the Almighty rather than acknowledge our gratitude to yourself for a success in which the state is in nowise indebted to chance, but to your consummate ability and self-control, I am glad that a public thanksgiving has been voted. But if you regard a thanksgiving merely as the preliminary part of a triumph, and are glad for that reason that Fortune

rather than yourself should have the credit, in the first place a triumph does not necessarily follow on a public thanksgiving, and then it is far more honorable that the Senate should accord its opinion that the mild rule and integrity of a governor has saved his province and its allegiance than the amount of his forces or the favor of Providence, and this was the sentiment I wished to express. And, contrary to my usual practice, I have written to you somewhat at length for this reason, that you might see, as I earnestly hope you will, how eager I am to convince you that, while I supported the course which appeared to me most becoming for your dignity, I yet am glad we adopted the one you yourself prefer. I hope you may live long to grant me your friendship, and continue in the path you have chosen of strict watchfulness for the interests of our allies and the Republic.

LV. (ATT. VI. 6.)

Here I am in my province, doing all I can to support the credit of Appius, when lo! I find myself all at once his accuser's father-in-law. "Yes, and may Heaven make it," say you, "a happy match!" Amen, say I, and I am quite sure you really wish it to be, but upon my word there is nothing in the world I had less expected to hear of; I had even gone so far as to send some confidential messages to my woman kind about Tiberius Nero, who had made proposals to me; but when they got to Rome the betrothal was all over. After all, I hope this is better; at any rate, I can see that the ladies are immensely delighted with the young fellow's deference and agreeable manners; as for other things, do not expose it in all its defects. But hey! my good friend, what is this about you and a distribution of corn at Athens? Is that approved? Still, no doubt there was nothing to prevent it in my treatise.

for yours was not so much a largess to fellow-citizens, as a tribute to the hospitality of entertainers. Do you still tell me to think about adding "Propylæa" to the Academy when Appius has given up his idea about Eleusis? I am sure you are very sorry about Hortensius. I for my part am agonized; I had set my heart on living in pleasant intimacy with him. I have left Cælius in charge of the province. "He is a mere boy," you will say, "and possibly a fool and lacking in character and self-restraint." Granted: there was nothing else to be done. For it was the letter I had from you a long time ago, when you said you were quite in doubt as to what I ought to do about leaving the province, which pricked me: because I saw the reason of this doubt; indeed, I felt just the same myself. Why give it to a mere boy? there was my brother? That was an undesirable thing for both of us while there was nobody except my brother, whom I could without invidiousness put over the head of my questor, especially as he was of noble family. Still, while the Parthians seemed threatening, I had determined to leave my brother, or even for the public good to stay myself, in spite of the decree of the Senate: now that by some marvellous good luck they have retired, my hesitation has been removed. I saw what would be the comments: So! he has put his brother in; do you call this holding a province only for a year? what good is it that the Senate intended the provinces to go to those who had not previously held any government? why, here is a man who has been three consecutive years! These are my reasons therefore for the public ear. And now for those which are for yours only? Well, I should never have been free from the dread—such things will occur in life—of something passionate or insolent or negligent happening. What if my nephew did something, being only a lad, and a headstrong lad too!—what trouble this

would be. His father, however, was not at all for sending him away, and was much annoyed that you thought he ought to. Whereas now with Cælius—I am not saying, you understand, that he has ever done anything, but at any rate I am far less anxious. Then you may add another reason: Pompey, strong man as he was, and deep as his roots were set, appointed Quintus Cassius without any election, and Cæsar did the same for Antony: was I to offend a man who had been regularly elected, and be sure to make him a spy on the conduct of anybody whom I left in charge? My way was better than that, and there are more precedents for this course, which certainly is better suited for my time of life. But bless me! you do not know how I have ingratiated you with him: I read him a letter which, if it did not come from you, at any rate did from your secretary. The letters I have from friends all invite me to claim a triumph, which I am inclined to think is a thing that ought not to be neglected in the present renaissance of my fortunes; so, my dear Atticus, please begin to be eager for it too, that you may keep me in countenance if it is thought foolish of me.

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LVI. (FAM. XV. 6.)

“Father, from thee applause is praise indeed
From one so praised this comes a nobler meed.”

So says Hector in one, I think, of Nævius's plays; for it is undoubtedly true that applause is sweet when it proceeds from those whose own lives have been most applauded. Indeed, as for myself, whether I look at the congratulations of your letter, or the testimony of the opinion you expressed in the Senate, I seem to have reached the very summit of my wishes, and it is to me at once the greatest pleasure and the greatest honor that you have been ready to make a concession to

friendship which you could certainly grant with a very clear conscience to truth. And if we all, or even if we any of us, were Catos in this country, whose proudest boast is that she has given birth to one, what laurels, what triumphal ears, could I weigh for a moment against your approbation? To my own feelings as well as to your own most upright and refined judgment, nothing could be more honorable to me than that speech of yours, which I have had fully reported to me by my friends. But the reasons that made me so desirous (I will not say ambitious) I explained to you in my previous letter, and although they have seemed to you to be scarcely sufficient, there is at least this much to be said for them—that if the privilege is not one to be too eagerly desired, at all events, if the Senate should offer it me, it is one on no account to be rejected. Now I hope that that body, in consideration of the work I have done for my country, will think me not unworthy of the privilege, especially as it is by no means an unusual one. Should this prove to be the case, I would only beg of you, in accordance with the very friendly expressions of your letter, that as you were willing to grant me what in your judgment would be most to my honor, you will rejoice with me if that happens which would give me most pleasure. Indeed, I know you have so expressed yourself in acts and feelings, as well as in your kind letter; and I find a proof that the thanksgiving in my honor was not indifferent to you in the thought that you added your signature to the decree; for I am well aware that decrees of this kind are usually signed by those who feel the warmest interest in the person in whose honor they are passed. I shall, I hope, see you very shortly, and Heaven grant that our country may then be in a happier state than my fears forebode!

LVII. (FAM. XVI. 1.)

I thought I could a little more easily bear the separation from you, but I evidently cannot bear it, and although it is greatly to my honor to come at once to the city, yet I seem to have done wrong in leaving you; but since it seemed to be your wish not to go by sea farther until your health was restored, I approved of your idea, and now do not attempt to change it, if you are of the same opinion; but if, after you have taken some refreshment, you see you can follow me, you may decide for yourself whether to come or stay. I have sent Mario to you with this notion, that he shall either come to me with you as soon as possible, or, if you remain, come at once to me. Moreover, be assured that if it can be done without injury to your health, I wish nothing rather than to have you with me; but if you consider that it is necessary for you to remain a little time at Patræ for the sake of recovering your health, I have no wish rather than that you should have your way. If you sail at once, overtake me at Leucas; but if you wish to grow strong first, carefully look out to have attendants, fair weather, and a suitable ship. This one thing, my Tiro, see to it if you love me, that the coming of Mario or this letter may not sway you; if you do what will be best for your health, you will conform to my wishes. Consider the matter according to your own inclination. My desire to see you is restrained by my affection for you. My affection bids me see a well man; my desire is to see you as soon as possible, but that is the first consideration. So take special care of your health; this will be the most pleasing of all your innumerable favors to me. November 3.

✓ LVIII. (FAM. XVI. 9.)

I left you, as you know, November 2. I arrived at Leucas November 6, and the next day at Actium. There I was delayed until November 8 on account of the bad weather. Thence we had a fine passage to Coreyra, November 9. November 17 I went 120 stadia into the harbor of the Coreyreans at Cassiope; there I was detained by the winds until November 23. Meanwhile many who had embarked in their impatience suffered shipwreck. After supper on that day we set sail; thence with a gentle south wind, under a calm sky, after a sail of the night and the next day, we arrived safely in Italy at Hydrus, and with the same wind the next day, November 25, at the fourth hour we came to Brundisium. At the same time Terentia, who thinks so much of you, came into the town. November 27, the slave of Cnaeus Plancius gave me at Brundisium the letter which I had been looking for from you for some time, written November 15. The letter relieved my anxiety greatly; I wish it had removed it altogether. But yet the physician Asclapo assures me that you will soon be well. Now, why should I urge you to observe all care to regain your health? I know your prudence, moderation, and love toward me; I know you will do everything to be with me as soon as possible; yet I hope that you will not be rash. I wish you had excused yourself from going to Lyso's concert, so as to have avoided the twenty-eighth day; but since you preferred to consider your politeness rather than your health, take care for the future. I have written to Curius to see that the physician has his due and to give you whatever you need; telling him that I will take care for any one he commissions. I left for you at Brundisium a horse and a mule. I fear that there may be great disturbance after January 1. I shall act entirely. I re-

mains for me to ask and beg you not to set sail rashly—sailors are accustomed to hasten for the sake of their own business—be cautious, dear Tiro, a sea of great extent which is difficult to cross lies before you—if you can, come with Mescinius—he is used to sailing carefully—if not, with some distinguished man by whose authority the ship-owner may be moved. In this matter, if you will apply all care and bring yourself safe to me, I shall be satisfied with you. Again and again, dear Tiro, farewell. I have most carefully written about you to the physician, and Curius and Lyso.

LIX. (ATT. VII. 2.)

We arrived at Brundisium November 25, with your usual good fortune in the voyage; so favorably upon us “blew from Epirus the gentle wind of Onchesmus.” This spondaic line palm off, if you like, as your own on one of your young friends. Your state of health greatly troubles me; for your letter shows you are still distressed. Moreover I, although knowing how strong you are, suspect there is something which makes you yield and almost breaks you down, though your Pamphilus has told me the intermittent ague has left you and a lighter form has taken its place. Terentia indeed, who also came to the gate of Brundisium at the same time that I arrived at the harbor, and met me in the market-place, told me that Lucius Pontius had said to her in Trebula that it had left you. If that is so, it is a reason for my greatest hope, and I hope your recovery will be the result of your prudence and moderation. I come now to your letters, a number of which I received at one time, some of which I enjoyed more than others, as they were written by yourself. Though I like the writing of Alexis, which approaches so nearly the likeness of your handwriting, but I do not

like it, as it shows you are not well. Since I have mentioned it, I have left Tiro ill at Patræ, a young man whom you know, and if you wish an adjective, take "upright." I have seen nothing to take his place, I find it hard to do without him. Though he seems not to be seriously ill, yet I am anxious, and have the greatest hope in Manius Curius, about which Tiro has written me and many have told me; moreover, Curius himself has perceived how you wish him to please me, and that greatly delights me. And indeed there is in the man a native politeness which one soon grows fond of. I am carrying home his will, sealed with the signets of my son and nephew and the prætorian cohort. By word of mouth he has made you heir to one-tenth of his property, me to one-fortieth. At Actium, in Coreyra, Alexio provided for me sumptuously. Quintus Cicero could not be prevented from seeing Thyamis. I am glad that you take delight in your little daughter, and that it is proved to you that love for children is natural. For, if this does not exist, there can be no natural bond of man to man, by the removal of which society is destroyed. I return to the subject. How I awaited the letter you gave to Philoxenus! For you had written that in it was an account of the words of Pompey at Naples. Patron gave it to me at Brundisium; he had received it at Coreyra, I suppose. Nothing could have been more pleasing, for it was about the republic, and the opinion that man had of my integrity, and the good feeling which he showed in his utterances about a triumph. Yet this was the most pleasing feature, that I knew that you had gone to him in order that you might find out his attitude toward me; this I say was most gratifying to me. Moreover, about the triumph, I had no desire before those most impudent letters of Bibulus in consequence of which a day of public celebration was observed. If those things

were done by him which he wrote of, I should rejoice and approve of the honor; now that he who did not set foot out of the gate as long as an enemy was on this side of the Euphrates, should be honored, and that I, upon whose army his army's hope depended, should not obtain honor, is a disgrace to us—to us I say, joining you with me. So I will try everything, and as I hope I shall succeed. But if you were well, some points would before now have been made clear for me; but as I hope you will soon be well. I am much obliged to you in regard to the bit of money Numerius owed me. I wish to know what Hortensius has done and what Cato is doing; he was shamefully spiteful to me. He gave me proof of integrity, justice, consideration, and faith, which I did not ask; what I demanded, he denied. So how Caesar, in that letter in which he congratulates and promises me everything, revels in the wrong of Cato, most ungrateful to me! And he decreed a celebration of twenty days for Bibulus! Pardon me, I cannot endure these things. I should like to answer you in full, but it is not necessary; for I shall see you soon. Yet this thing about Chrysippus—for I am less surprised at that other, a working man; yet nothing is more wicked than this—Chrysippus indeed, whom I held in honor on account of some literary attainment which I hailed with gladness in him, has left my son without my knowledge. I overlook many other things which I hear of; I overlook theft, but I cannot endure flight, which seems most abominable. I have therefore put in force that old edict of Drusus the prætor, as they call it, in the case of a man who did not swear when free to keep the conditions on which he was freed, pleading that I had never declared them free; especially as there was no one present by whom they could be rightly claimed. You will receive it as it seems best; I will agree with you. I have not written a reply to your very full letter

which treats of the dangers of the republic; what should I write? I am greatly disturbed; but that I may not fear greatly, the Parthians teach me a lesson, who suddenly left Bibulus half dead.

✓ LX. (FAM. XVI. 11.)

Although wherever I am I miss the convenience of your services, yet it is not so much for my own sake as for yours that your illness pains me; but it is turned into the form of intermittent ague—for so Curius writes—I hope you will be stronger by being careful. Only do what you owe to yourself as a man, and devote yourself to nothing else at this time but to recover as completely as possible. I am sensible how much you suffer from this absence; but everything will be easy if you are well. I am unwilling to hasten you lest in your weakness you are sea-sick and have a dangerous voyage in the winter. I came to the city January 4. Nothing could be more to my honor than the reception I met. But I fell into the very flames of civil discord, or rather war, and although I wished to compose it, and I think I could have done so, the desires of certain men—for on each side there are those who wish to fight—hindered me. Besides, my friend Caesar has sent a threatening and severe letter to the Senate, and is so shameless as to hold his army and province against the will of the Senate, and Curio urges him on. And our Antony and Quintus Cassius, though not forcibly expelled, went to Caesar with Curio after the Senate had given to the consuls, prætors, tribunes of the people, and to those of us of consular rank the charge of the interests of the republic. Never was the state in greater danger; never have wicked citizens had a more ready leader. On this side most diligent preparations are being made; it is done under the authority and with the

assistance of Pompey, who begins now too late to fear Cæsar. Yet amid these disturbances the Senate has decreed me the triumph; but the consul Lentulus, that he might make greater his share in conferring the honor, said he would propose it as soon as he had accomplished what was necessary for the republic. I seek no private ends, and therefore have more weight. The districts of Italy are distributed, and each man looks after a part. I have taken Capua. I wished you to know these things. Again and again, take care of your health and write to me whenever you have any one to whom to give the letter. Over and over, farewell. December 31.

LXI. (FAM. XIV. 14.)

If you are well, I am well. Now it is a matter for you, and not for me, to decide what you must do. If Cæsar is going to come to Rome without hostilities, you can for the present remain advantageously at home; but if this madman is to give over the city to be plundered, I fear that not even Dolabella will be sufficient protection for you. Moreover, I have the fear that we may be soon shut off, so that when you wish to leave the city you cannot. It remains for you to consider well whether women of your rank are at Rome; for if there are not, you must see whether you can remain consistently with your character. As affairs are now situated, if only I am allowed to hold this post, you can best be with me or at some of our farms. Besides, it is to be feared that in a short time there may be famine in the city. About these things I wish you would consult with Pomponius, with Camillus, with those who seem best to you, and be of good cheer to the last. Labienus has helped affairs; and Piso aids in having withdrawn from the city and disapproved of the criminal course of his son-in-law. You, my dearest ones,

write to me as often as you can, both what you are doing and what is going on there. Quintus, father and son, and Rufus salute you. Farewell. December 25. Minturnæ.

LXII. (ATT. VII. 21.)

You hear before I do of our misfortunes; for they start from your position; and there is nothing good which you can expect from here. I came to Capua February 5, as the consuls ordered me. On that day Lentulus came late; the other consul did not come at all on February 7, for then I left Capua and have come to Cales, where I am writing to-day before daybreak. I knew these things while I was at Capua; there is no hope in the consuls nor anywhere, for the recruiting officers do not dare to show their faces, since Cæsar is at hand and our leader is nowhere, and does nothing; they do not give in their names, for not their willingness, but their hope fails. Moreover our Cnæus—alas, what a wretched and incredible matter this is!—how wholly he is prostrate! He has no courage, no plans, no resources, no perseverance. The news I send is of the disgraceful flight from the city, the frightened meetings in the towns, the ignorance both of the resources of the enemy and of their own; what does this signify? February 7 Caius Cassius, the tribune, came to Capua, and brought orders to the consuls to come to Rome, to draw money from the special treasury, and immediately to go forth. But can they return after abandoning the city? Under what protection? Then can they go out? Who would allow them? The consul advises him first to go into Picenum, but that district is entirely lost; I am the only one who knows it from the letters of Dolabella. I have not a doubt but that he is even now in Apulia, and Cnæus on shipboard. What shall I do? It is a great question, and there would not have been

any if everything had not been done most disgracefully, and if I had been consulted; yet I must do what is fitted. Cæsar himself urges me to peace, but his letter was of an earlier date than the time when he began to march. Dolabella and Cælius report that he is pleased with me. I am tortured with doubt; help me with your advice if you can, and look out as far as possible for your interests. I have nothing to write in such confusion; I await your letter.

LXIII. (Att. VIII. 4.)

Dionysius, your friend rather than mine, about whom, after sufficient discovery of his character, I yet relied on your judgment more than on my own, paying no regard even to the testimony which you had often given me on his behalf, has shown himself arrogant in view of what he expected would be my circumstances; these, however, as far as can be done by human management, I will control and direct rationally. What honor, what attention, what commendation to others of this despicable man has he ever been at a loss for from me? How I preferred that my judgment should be censured by my brother Quintus and publicly by all, rather than that he should not be praised, and that our two Ciceros should be taught in part by my labor rather than for me to seek another master for them. What letters, immortal gods, I did write! How full of honor, of love! You would say that I were summoning Dicæarchus or Aristoxenus, and not a man most loquacious and least fitted to teach. "But he has a good memory." He shall say I have a better. He answered my letters in a way that I never used to any one whose cause I was refusing to undertake; for always I said, "If I can, unless I shall hinder the cause already undertaken." Never did I refuse any accused man, however humble,

guilty, or unfriendly, in such a positive way as this man who flatly refused me. I never knew anything more ungrateful, a quality in which there is no lack of wickedness. But too much of this. I have made ready a ship; I yet await a letter from you, that I may know what they reply to my inquiry for advice. You know that at Sulmo Caius Atrius Pælignus threw open the gates to Antony, though there were five cohorts, and Quintus Lucretius fled and Cnæus went to Brundisium, deserted. The affair is over.

LXIV. (ATT. VIII. 5.)

After I dispatched a letter to you before light January 25, at evening on that same day came Dionysius himself, urged by your authority, as I think; for what else can I think? Although he usually is sorry when he has done anything in a passion. Never was he more frantic than in this affair; for what I did not write you, I heard afterwards he went three miles, "angrily tossing many things into the air with his horns," I say he said many evil things, which may reflect on his own head, as they say. But what clemency was mine! I tied into a package with your letter a strongly expressed one from me; this I wish returned to me, and for nothing else I sent Pollices, my lackey, to Rome. Moreover, on this account I have written you, that if by chance it should be delivered to you, you may take care to send it back to me, that it may not get into his hands. If there were any news, I should have written. I am anxious in mind on account of the movement at Corfinium on which depends the decision about the state's safety. I wish you would take care that the package which is addressed to Manius Curius be delivered to him, and recommend Tiro to Curius, that he may pay for him as I requested whatever expenses he has.

LXV. (ATT. VIII. 13.)

Let my use of an amanuensis be a sign of a weakness in my eyes, and a reason too for the shortness of my letter, though indeed at present there is nothing to write about ; all our attention is fixed on the news from Brundisium. Supposing he has succeeded in overtaking our chief, then there is a faint hope of peace ; but if he find Pompey gone across already, there is danger of a bloody war. But do you appreciate the man into whose hands the country has fallen ? how lynx-eyed he is, how watchful, how ready ? Upon my word, if it should prove that he has put nobody to death, and has not taken a single thing from anybody, he will be intensely popular with the very people who before dreaded him most. I get a good deal of talk with the people of the country towns, a good deal with the small farmers ; they care for absolutely nothing but their fields, their little farm-houses, their paltry savings. And see how the conditions are reversed : they dread the man they formerly trusted ; they love the one they used to fear. I cannot but bitterly reflect what follies and crimes ours must have been to bring us to this. As to what I believe is coming I have written to you, and am now awaiting your answer.

LXVI. (ATT. VIII. 16.)

I have got everything ready except some safe and secret road to the Adriatic, because one cannot venture upon our waters at this time of year. But how am I to get to the place where my feeling inclines and where my duty calls me ? For go I must and quickly, lest I be trapped and tied by some ill chance. It is not the man himself, however, who is the attraction, as is supposed ; for I find him to be as poor a general among

generals as I knew him long ago to be a poor statesman among statesmen. It is not he, therefore, who is the inducement, but the talk of people about which I hear from Philotimus, who tells me I am much "cut up" now by the "nobles." Nobles indeed! Good heavens! look how they are hasting out in processions; look how they are bargaining themselves away to Cæsar. To the country towns indeed he is really divine: none of the hypocrisy with which they used to offer prayers for his rival during his illness. The fact is, that any violent act our modern Peisistratus is thought to have abstained from doing gives as much pleasure as if he had stopped somebody else from doing it; he, they hope, may prove benignant; his rival they fancy in a furious passion. Do you take into account what a reception he gets from the crowd out of every town, what compliments are paid him? All fear, you will say. Just so, but then I give you my word it is rather of his antagonist; they are charmed with the artful moderation of one; they shudder at the violence of the other. Those who are on the jury-list of the three hundred and sixty, and used to be the chief admirers of our Pompey, are now (I see one or the other of them every day) horrified at something or other of his Lucerian proceedings; and so I ask who are your "nobles," that they should try to drive me out from Italy while they themselves stop at home? But still, be they what they may, "I fear the Trojans." Yet I see clearly all that I can hope for if I do start; and I am casting in my lot with one who is not so much prepared for conquest as for laying Italy waste. Indeed, while penning these lines on the fourth, I am expecting news from Brundisium. News indeed!—how he had disgraced himself by running away from there, and by what road and in what direction his conqueror is returning. When I have ascertained this, if he comes by the Appian road, I think I shall to Arpinum.

✓ LXVII. (ATT. IX. 11, A.)

Upon reading your letter—which I received through our friend Furnius—requesting me to stay somewhere within reach of town, I was not so much surprised at your expressing a wish to avail yourself of my judgment and my position, as doubtful of the meaning you intended to convey by my influence and assistance. Hope, however, led me to the interpretation of concluding that—as might be expected from one of your admirable, indeed preëminent wisdom—you were anxious that negotiations should be opened on behalf of the tranquillity, peace, and union of our countrymen; for which purpose I could not but reflect that both by my nature and the part I have played, I was well enough suited. If this be really the case, and if you feel any desire at all to show due consideration for my friend Pompey, and bring him into harmony once more with yourself and with the republic, you will assuredly find no one better fitted for that task than I am; who have ever given pacific counsels to him, and to the Senate, as soon as I found opportunity.

Since the appeal to arms, not only have I not taken the smallest part in this war, but have come to the conclusion that by war a grievous wrong is done to yourself, against whose rightful privileges, granted by special favor of the Roman people, the attacks of the spiteful and jealous were being directed. But just as at that time I not only personally supported your rightful position, but counselled everybody else to lend you their assistance, so now it is the rights of Pompey for which I am deeply concerned; because it is now several years since I first selected you men as the objects of my most loyal devotion, with whom I would choose to be united, as I now am, in ties of the closest friendship. Consequently I have this request to make—say father

that I implore and beseech you with every plea that I can use—even among your weighty anxieties to allot some time to this consideration also, how I may be allowed by your kind indulgence to show myself a man of honor; one, in short, who is grateful and affectionate from the recollection of the very great kindness he once received. Even if this concerned me alone, I should still flatter myself that to me you would grant it; but in my opinion it equally concerns both your own honor and the public welfare, that I, who am one of a very small number, should still be retained in the best possible position for promoting the harmony of you two, and of our fellow-countrymen. Though I have already thanked you in the matter of Lentulus for being the preserver of a man who had once been mine, yet for my part, on reading the letter which he has sent me, written in a spirit of the warmest gratitude and kindness, I even pictured myself as owing to you the safety which you have granted to him; and if this shows you that I am of a grateful nature in his case, secure me, I entreat you, some opportunity of showing myself no less so in the case of Pompey.

LXVIII. (ATT. IX. 18.)

As you advised in both respects; in the first place, my language was calculated rather to make him respect than be grateful to me, and in the second, I stuck to my point—no going to the town. Where I was deceived, was in having expected to find him yielding; I have never seen anything less so. My decision, says he, is a censure on himself, and others will be more inclined to hang back if I have refused to come; I reply that their case is not the same. After much of this, "Well, come then and propose a peaceful settlement." "And," say I, "with full discretion?" "Am I," says

he, "to dictate to you?" "This," say I, "is what I shall propose: that, in the opinion of the Senate, it is inexpedient that you should proceed to Spain, and that troops should be conveyed to Greece; and I shall," I add, "fully express my sympathy for Pompey." Then he, "But that I cannot approve of your saying." "Just what I was thinking," say I, "but the very reason why I do not want to be there, is that I must either speak in this way, and about many things which I could not leave unsaid on any terms if I were there, or else not go at all." In the end, as if he were anxious to quit the discussion, "Would I then take time to think over it?" This could not be refused. So we parted. I fancy, therefore, that he is not much in love with me, but I am in love with myself, a feeling to which I have long been a stranger. As for the rest, good heavens, what a following he has!—quite an Inferno, as you are fond of describing it, a playground of crimes! O the utter villainy!—the gang of desperadoes! What do you say to a son of Sulpicius and another of Titinius being actually in an army besieging Pompey? Six legions! and he is as watchful as he is bold—I see no limit to troubles. Well, now assuredly you must produce your advice; it was agreed that this was the last thing to wait for. Still that conclusion of his—which I had all but omitted—is annoying; that if I would not allow him to avail himself of my advice, he would take that of persons who were available, and condescend to all counsels alike. Have I really then seen the great man, as I had said, and smarted for it? Yes, indeed I have. Give you the sequel? After that, he to his house at Pedom, I to Arpinum; from which place I for my part am on the lookout for the always cheery prattle promised in your letter. Come, plague on it, you will say, no doing what is already done with. But I am expecting your letter, for your "let us wait and see how

this will turn out" is no longer any good. This meeting of ours was to be the final thing; and as I doubt not that by it I have offended our friend, we must act all the more promptly. If you love me, a letter full of politics; I am so anxiously looking now for what you will have to say.

LXIX. (ATT. XI. 2.)

I received your letter February 4, and on that very day accepted the inheritance from the will; I have been relieved of one of my most troublesome cares, if, as you write, that inheritance can preserve my credit and reputation, which indeed I know you would have defended with your wealth, even without the inheritance. As to what you write about the dowry, by all the gods I beg you to undertake the whole affair, and guard Tullia, unhappy through my fault and neglect, by what remains of my wealth and your resources as far as it will not be burdensome to you; I implore you, do not let her suffer, as you write, for the need of anything. But how has the income from the farms been spent? Then, no one ever told me that those 60,000 sesterces which you speak of in your letter had been taken from the dowry; for I never would have allowed it. But this is the least of the wrongs to which I have been subjected; of the others I am prevented by grief and tears from writing to you. Of that money which was in Asia, I have demanded nearly a half; I thought it would be safer there than with the money-lenders. You urge me to be of good courage; I wish you could add one thing, a reason for my being so. But if, in addition to my other troubles, this one also comes which Chrysippus says is impending—you did not mention it—about my house, who has ever been more wretched than I? I ask, I beseech, pardon; I can write no more. You surely see with what sorrow I am oppressed. If I had

anything in common with the others who seem to be in the same plight, my fault would seem less, and on that account easier to bear; now there is nothing to console me, unless you bring it to pass, if in any way it can be done, that I shall not be assailed by any peculiar calamity and injustice. I sent to you the letter-carrier somewhat late, as I had no means of sending. I have received 70,000 sesterces in coin and of garments such as were needed. By this you will see that I direct letters in my own name—you know my followers—if they require my seal or hand-writing, you will say I did not use these on account of spies.

LXX. (FAM. IX. 1.)

From those letters from you which Atticus read to me, I have learned what you were doing and where you were; but I could not learn from these same letters when I should see you. Yet I hope that your coming is near; I hope it will be a consolation for me! Even if I am impelled by so many and such misfortunes that no one in his right mind ought to hope for any relief; but yet either you can aid me, or I perhaps you. For let me tell you that after I came into the city I returned to the favor of my old friends, that is, my books; although I had not abandoned them because I undervalued them, but because I was a little ashamed in regard to them; for it seemed to me when I let myself down into public commotions, with most unfaithful associates, that I had not sufficiently obeyed their commands. They pardon me and call me back into our former intercourse, and say, as you never abandoned it, you were wiser than I. Therefore since I find them appeased, I think I should hope that if I see you, I shall easily overcome the things which oppress me and those which threaten. Therefore, whether at Tusculum, or Cumæ

or even at Rome, which is least acceptable to me, you choose to have me come to you, if only we are together, I will at once see that our place of meeting is equally agreeable to us.

LXXI. (FAM. IX. 20.)

I was doubly pleased with your letter, both because I myself laughed at it, and because I know you can laugh; moreover, I was not angry that, like the clown of the troop, I was the butt of your severity. I am sorry that I could not come into your part of the country, as I had determined; for you would have had not a stranger, but a boon companion. But what a man! Not the one whom you used to satisfy with the relish; I bring a hearty appetite to the eggs; and so my attention is bestowed even to the roast veal. Those old habits of mine are gone which you used to praise:—"He is a man easy to entertain! A guest not hard to suit!" For I have thrown aside all my care for the republic, my thought of expressing my opinions in the Senate, my careful preparation of cases, and I have thrown myself into the camp of Epicurus, my opponent; not, however, with a view to immoderate indulgence here, but to that elegance of yours, your elegance, I mean, of the time when you had as much as you wanted to spend, though you never had more farms than now. So make ready; for you are to entertain a man with an enormous appetite, who now knows something of elegance; besides, you know how haughty men are who learn late; you must forget all about your little fruit-baskets and wine-cakes. Now I am so far a proficient, that I venture to invite your friend Verrius and Camillus—men of such elegance! such refinement! But see my boldness. Moreover, I gave a feast to Hirtius, yet without a peacock; but at this banquet my cook could not imitate anything except a hot soup. This is now

my life : In the morning I receive at home many excellent but saddened men, and those happy victors who treat me with great marks of civility and esteem. After the reception is over, I devote myself to letters and either write or read. There even come some who listen to me as if to a learned man, since I am a little more learned than they. Then all my time is given to my physical interests. I have now mourned my country more deeply and longer than any mother for an only son. But if you love me, take care of your health, that I may not eat up your good things while you lie ill ; for I have determined not to spare you even if you are ill.

LXXII. (FAM. IV. 6.)

Yes, my dear Servius, I could indeed wish you had been with me, as you say, at the time of my terrible trial. How much it was in your power to help me if you had been here, by sympathizing with, and I may almost say, sharing equally in my grief, I readily perceive from the fact that after reading your letter I feel myself considerably more composed ; for not only is all that you wrote just what is best calculated to soothe affliction, but you yourself, in comforting me, showed that you too had no little pain at heart. Your son Servius, however, has made it clear by every kindly attention which such an occasion would permit of, both how great his respect was for myself, and also how much pleasure his kind feeling for me was likely to give you ; and you may be sure that, while such attentions from him have often been more pleasant to me, they have never made me more grateful. It is not, however, only your arguments and your equal share, I may almost call it, in this affliction which comforts me, but also your authority ; because I hold it shame in me not to be bearing my trouble in a way that you, a man en-

dowed with such wisdom, think it ought to be borne. But at times I do feel broken down, and I scarcely make any struggle against my grief, because those consolations fail me which, under similar calamities, were never wanting to any of those other people whom I put before myself as models for imitation. Both Fabius Maximus, for example, when he lost a son who had held the consulship, the hero of many a famous exploit; and Lucius Paulus, from whom two were taken in one week; and your own kinsman Gallus; and Marcus Cato, who was deprived of a son of rarest talents and the rarest virtue,—all these lived in times when their individual affliction was capable of finding a solace in the distinctions they used to earn from their country. For me, however, after being stripped of all those distinctions which I had won for myself by unparalleled exertions, only that one solace remained, which has been torn away. My thoughts were not diverted by work for my friends, or by the administration of the affairs of state; there was no pleasure in pleading in the courts; I could not bear the very sight of the Senate House; I felt, as was indeed too true, that I had lost all the harvest of both my industry and my success. But whenever I wanted to recollect that all this was shared with you and other friends I could name, and whenever I was breaking myself in and forcing my spirit to bear these things with patience, I always had a refuge to go to where I might find peace, and in whose words of comfort and sweet society I could rid me of all my pains and griefs. Whereas now, under this terrible blow, even those old wounds which seem to have healed up are bleeding afresh; for it is impossible for me now to find such a refuge from my sorrows at home, in the business of the state, as in those days I did in that consolation of home which was always in store whenever I came away sad from thoughts of state, to

seek for peace in her happiness. And so I stay away both from home and from public life; because home now is no more able to make up for the sorrow I feel when I think of our country than our country is for my sorrow at home. I am therefore looking forward all the more eagerly to your coming, and long to see you as early as that may possibly be: no greater alleviation can be offered me than a meeting between us for friendly intercourse and conversation. I hope, however, that your return is to take place, as I hear it is, shortly. As for myself, while there are abundant reasons for wanting to see you as soon as possible, my principal one is in order that we may discuss together beforehand the best method of conduct for present circumstances, which must entirely be adapted to the wishes of one man only, a man, nevertheless, who is far-seeing and generous, and, also, as I think I have thoroughly ascertained, to me not at all ill-disposed, and to you extremely friendly. But admitting this, it is still a matter for much deliberation what is the line, I do not say of action, but of keeping quiet, that we ought by his good leave and favor to adopt. Farewell.

LXXIII. (FAM. VII. 28.)

I remember when you seemed to me to be injudicious because you preferred to live with those friends of yours, rather than with us; for a dwelling in this city, when indeed it was this city, was much more suited to your culture and refinement than the whole Peloponnesus, not to mention Patræ. Now, on the other hand, you seem to me to have had great foresight in going into Greece when affairs here had almost reached a crisis, and at this time you are not only wise in being away from here, but also happy. Though who, who is at all discerning, can now be happy? But I have in a

different way come to about the same result which you, who were at liberty to do so, accomplished by flight, that you might be there "where neither of the Pelopidæ"—you know the rest; for after I have received the greetings of my friends, which are more numerous than they used to be, because men think they see a citizen of correct opinions, a sight as rare as a white bird, I hide myself in the library. Thus I am accomplishing a great work which you will perhaps understand, for I learned from a remark of yours at my home, when you reproved my sadness and gloom, that you see in my works a spirit which you do not find in myself. But then I was grieving for the republic, which was dearer to me than life, not alone on account of its benefits to me, but mine to it, and at this time, although not only reason, which should avail most, consoles me, but also time, which usually soothes even the weakest minds; yet I lament to see the whole commonwealth has so fallen that there is not even a hope left of its ever rising. Nor in truth is the fault, indeed, in that man in whose power everything is—unless perhaps that ought not to have been the case,—but some things have so happened by chance, and others by our own fault, that we must not complain of what is past. I see no hope left, therefore I return to my first subject; wisely you have left these conditions, if by choice; fortunately, if by chance.

LXXIV. (FAM. XIII. 28.)

I am persuaded that the Lacedæmonians have no doubt of being sufficiently recommended to your integrity and justice by their own and their ancestors' dignity, and I, who know you best, have not doubted that the rights and claims of different people were very well known to you. So when the Lacedæmonian Phillipus

asked me to commend the state to your care, though I remembered I owed everything to that state, yet I replied that the Lacedæmonians did not need a recommendation to you. So I wish you to understand that I think all the states of Achaia happy in that you are in charge of them in these turbulent times, and that I also judge that you, because you alone have known not only our history, but that of Greece, of your own accord are and will be a friend to the Lacedæmonians. Therefore so much I ask of you, when you for their sake do what your fidelity, generosity, and sense of justice prompt, that you may, if you think best, show them that you are not displeased at knowing that what you are doing is also agreeable to me; for it is for my interest that they should think that I have a care for their affairs; this again and again I beg you earnestly.

LXXV. (FAM. VI. 12.)

I congratulate you, my dear Balbus, and I truly congratulate you, nor am I so stupid as to wish you to have the enjoyment of a false pleasure, and then to lose it so that nothing can afterwards restore you to tranquillity of mind. I have plead your cause more openly than my circumstances allowed; for even the disadvantage of my diminished influence was overcome by the regard felt for you and my unchangeable affection toward you, which on your part has been most carefully cherished. All promises have been obtained, made certain and sure, which relate to your return and safety. I myself saw them and was present as a witness. For, fortunately enough, I have all the adherents of Cæsar so united by courtesy and good-will that they consider me in the next place to him. Indeed this is so true of Pansa, Hirtius, Balbus, Oppius, Matius, and Postumius, that there is no one they love so much

as me. Even if I had been obliged to effect this by my own exertions, I should not have repented of having contrived matters thus, considering the nature of the times; but I had to yield in nothing on account of the times; my former relations still hold good with all those with whom I have not ceased to treat in your behalf. Yet the greatest assistant I had was Pansa, who was devoted to you, fond of me, a man who had with Cæsar the influence of authority, not merely of personal liking. Moreover, Cimber Tillius entirely satisfied me. Cæsar is not so much influenced by pressing petitions, as those which have some claim of friendship. Since Cimber's were such, he had more influence than he would have had under any other conditions. The official document is not immediately given, which is due to a remarkable feeling on the part of some who would have been bitterly offended at pardon being extended to you, whom they call the trumpet of civil war, and so they say many things as if they were not glad that the war did happen. So we have thought it best to keep the matter rather close, and not in any way to announce publicly that your case has already been decided; but that will happen shortly, and I have no doubt that the matter will be attended to by the time you are reading this letter. Pansa indeed, a man of authority and trust, not only promised, but even pledged himself to procure the decree at once. However, I have been pleased to send an account of these things to you, for from a talk with Eppuleia, and the tears of Ampia, I learned you were less firm than your letters intimate; and they think you will be in greater anxiety since they are away from you. Therefore I thought it worth while, in order to lighten your anxiety and sorrow, to write to you beforehand the good news which assuredly will be verified. You know that I have formerly been accustomed to write to you in such terms

as might console a brave and wise man, rather than pretend to have discovered any hope of safety for you, except what I thought one ought to hope for from the state itself when this conflagration has been extinguished. Let me remind you of your letters in which you always showed a brave spirit, steadfast and ready to meet all misfortunes; which I do not wonder at when I remember that from the earliest part of your life you were engaged in the affairs of the republic, and that you held office during the most critical time for safety and fortunes of the commonwealth, and that you entered this very war, prepared not only if victorious for happiness, but if it should so happen in case of defeat, to bear it like a wise man. Then, as you are spending your energy in writing a history of brave men, you ought to consider that you should do nothing, so as not to show yourself very like those whom you praise. But this idea would be better adapted for those times which you have now escaped. Now only prepare yourself to endure with us the coming calamities; if I could find any remedy for them, I would give it to you also. But the only refuge is the pursuit of literary studies, in which we have always been conversant. This seems in prosperity to give some amusement, but now in very truth it furnishes support. But to return to the beginning, do not doubt that everything has been settled concerning your pardon and return.

LXXVI. (ATT. XII. 11.)

I am distressed about Seius; but all human troubles must be borne. Ourselves, why are we? Or how long are we to bear these burdens? Let us look to those things which concern us more, and yet not much more; what we are to do about the Senate. And that I may not omit anything, Cæsonius has written to me that

Postumia, the wife of Sulpicius, has come to his house. The daughter of Pompey the Great I wrote you that I am not now considering; I think you know that other one whom you write of; I never saw an uglier creature. But I am coming, and then can talk with you. After sealing the letter I received yours. I am glad to hear Attica is so cheerful; I feel for her indisposition.

LXXVII. (FAM. IX. 10.)

I do not venture to give to my Salvius no letter for you; but I have nothing to write except that I am remarkably fond of you; about this I am sure you have no doubt, even if I write nothing to you. I ought generally to expect a letter from you rather than you one from me, for nothing is going on at Rome that I think you would care to know, unless perhaps you wish to know that I am arbiter between our Nicias and Vidius. Vidius I suppose brings forward his charge against Nicias in two lines; Aristarchus, his opponent, marks these as spurious. I, like an ancient critic, am to decide whether they are genuine or interpolated. I think you are now saying, "Have you forgotten those mushrooms which you ate at Nicias's table? And the great prawns and cuttle-fish?" What, do you think my old severity has been so completely lost that even in court no remnant of my former sternness appears? But I will take care that my most agreeable friend shall not suffer, nor will I be a party to condemning a person for you to restore him, lest Bursa Plancus have a teacher to teach him his letters. But what am I doing? When I do not know whether you are tranquil in mind or whether, as in war, you are disturbed by some serious care or anxiety, I run on too far; when then I find out that you will be glad to laugh, I will write more at length to you. Yet I wish you to know this, that the

people were greatly agitated at the death of Publius Sulla before they knew whether it was certain or not; now they have ceased to ask how he died; they think it is enough for them to know what they know. As for the rest, I listen with equanimity; one thing I fear, that Cæsar's auctions grow slack.

LXXVIII. (FAM. VI. 18.)

As soon as I had received your letter from Seleucus, I immediately wrote a note to Balbus asking what was in the law. He wrote back that those who were actually holding the office of public crier were forbidden to be councillors; those who had formerly held it were not forbidden. Therefore let our friends be of good courage; for it would have been intolerable indeed if, when men who were practicing divination on this very day were chosen into the Senate at Rome, those who ever had been public criers should not be allowed to be senators in the provincial towns. Of Spain I know nothing; yet it appears Pompey has a large army; for Cæsar himself sent his friends a copy of a letter of Paciaæus which announced he had eleven legions. Moreover, Messalla has written to Quintus Salassus that Publius Curtius, his brother, at his command was executed in the presence of the army of Pompey because he had agreed with some Spaniards, if Pompey came into a certain town for provisions, to seize him and lead him to Cæsar. In regard to the security in which you stand engaged for Pompey, if Galba, who is jointly bound with you, returns, a man of great carefulness in money matters, I shall not fail to consult with him if anything can be arranged; he seems to me to feel confident. I am very glad that you so approve my "Orator"; I flatter myself that I have brought together in that book whatever skill I have in speaking. If the book is such

as you tell me you think it is, then I too am of some consequence; if not, I do not refuse to rest all my reputation for critical ability upon that book. I hope our Lepta is interested in such writings; though he lacks maturity, yet it is not without advantage to fill his ears with words of this kind. In any case, the confinement of my Tullia has kept me at Rome. But though she is, as I hope, sufficiently strong, I am yet detained until I get from Dolabella's agents the first instalment, and I am not now so much of a traveller as I used to be; my buildings used to delight me, and their retirement. Now I have a house equal to any of my villas, and the retirement is greater than the most secluded spot. And so not even my literary labors are hindered, on which I am engaged without any interruption. Therefore, as I think, I shall see you here sooner than you will see me there. Let your charming Lepta learn Hesiod and have by heart his "sweat of virtue" and the rest.

LXXIX. (FAM. XV. 16.)

I suppose you must be somewhat ashamed, now that this third epistle has come down upon you, before you have written a page or even a single letter in return. But I am not urgent, for I will wait for a longer letter, or rather, I will insist upon it. If I always had some one by whom to send, I would write three letters an hour; for it happens in some way that you seem, as it were, face to face with me, when I write anything to you, I do not mean in imaginary apparitions, as your new friends say, who think that even intellectual imaginations are excited by the spectres of Catius. For, that you may understand it, Catius the Insubrian, an Epicurean, who has recently died, calls those "spectres" which that Gargettius and Democritus before him had called images. But even if the eyes could be struck by

these images because, even of their own accord, they rush to them, I do not see how the mind can be; you must explain to me when you have come safe home, whether your image is at my control, so that as soon as I choose to think of you it hastens up to me, and not only of you, who are at the bottom of my heart, but if I begin to think of the whole British island, will its image fly to my mind? But of that later; for if you are angry and annoyed, I shall say more and demand that you be restored to that sect out of which, "by force and by armed men," you were ejected. In this decree it is not usual to add "within the year." So if it is two or three years since you divorced yourself from virtue, coaxed by the allurements of pleasure, it is all the same to me. But with whom am I speaking? With a very brave man, who, after applying himself to public affairs, did nothing which was not of the greatest value. In that very sect of yours I apprehend that there is more strength than I had thought, if you only approve it. How did this come into your mind? you say. Because I have nothing else to write; I can write nothing about the republic, for I may not write what I feel.

LXXX. (FAM. VI. 3.)

In my last letter, led more by my affection than because there was any pressing need, I wrote somewhat at length; for your fortitude needed not to be animated by me, nor were my circumstances and affairs such that I, who was in want of everything, could encourage any one else. At this time too I ought to be somewhat brief; for if then there was no need of many words, now there is rather need of none; or if then there was need, that letter was enough, especially since nothing new has happened. For although we daily hear something of these events, the report of which, I suppose,

reaches you, yet the upshot and result will be the same. And this I see in mind as clearly as what we see with the eyes, nor in truth do I see anything which I do not know surely that you too see. For though no one can divine what issue the battle will have, yet I foresee the issue of the war, and supposing I cannot, I certainly can foresee what will be the result of victory in either case, since one side or the other must win. And having looked clearly through this matter, I see it is such that in my opinion there will be nothing to regret even if that happens to us first which is generally put forward as the greatest object of dread; for so to live as one would then have to live is most wretched; but no wise man considers death a misfortune, even for a happy man. But you are in a city where the very walls seem able to speak more than I, and more eloquently. I give you this comfort, though the consolation from the troubles of others is slight, that you are in no worse plight than any of those who have gone to the war, nor those who have remained at home. The former fight, the latter fear, the conqueror. But this is small consolation; that is a greater which I hope is your support as it is mine; for as long as I live I shall fret myself over nothing while I am entirely free from fault, and if I cease to exist, I shall have no more consciousness. But "owls to Athens" in saying this to you. I care most dearly for you, your family, and all your interests, and as long as I live, shall so continue. Farewell.

LXXXI. (ATT. XII. 14.)

Yesterday I gave you a letter about my being excused from the banquet of Appuleius. I think there is no difficulty about it; no one will refuse, whoever it be to whom you apply. But see Septimius and Lænas and Statilius, for there is need of three witnesses. But

Lænas has undertaken the whole matter for me. You write that you have been called upon by Junius; Cornificius is certainly rich, yet I should like to know when I am said to have become surety, whether for the father or the son. However, you will see, as you say, the agents of Cornificius and Appuleius, the estate-dealer. As to your wishing that I be relieved from this grief, you are doing everything you can, but you can testify that I have done the best I could for myself; for nothing has been written by any one about assuaging grief that I have not read at your home; but my sorrow is too great for any comfort. But I have done what no one surely has done before me, and consoled myself by the pursuit of literary work in a book which I shall send you if the copyists have written it. I assure you there is no such consolation. I write whole days, not that I succeed at all, but for the time I am prevented from indulging my grief. Not sufficiently indeed—for the burden of it oppresses me—but still I am relieved, and I strive with all my strength not to encourage my mind indeed, but to cheer my countenance at least if I can, and in so doing it seems that I should be making a mistake if I did not do it. Solitude aids me somewhat, but it would avail much more if you were here. This is my only reason for leaving, for, considering my misfortunes, the place suits me well; yet I grieve on this account, for you cannot be to me what you were. All is gone which you used to love. I have written you before about the letter of Brutus to me; it was skilfully written, but was nothing which would help me. As to what he wrote to you, I would wish this, that he himself were present; certainly, since he is so devoted to me, he would aid me to some extent. But if you learn anything, I wish you would write to me, especially when Pansa is going to his province. I am sorry for Attica, yet I trust Craterus. Keep Pilia from pain; I have enough sorrow for all.

LXXXII. (ATT. XII. 32.)

Publilia has written me that "mother," just as if she were speaking with Publilius, will come to me, and she will come with her if I am willing; she begs, with many pleading words, that she may, and that I write her in reply. You see what a trouble the matter is. I replied that there were heavier burdens on me than when I told her I wished to be alone, for which reason I was unwilling that she should come to me; I thought if I wrote nothing, that my wife would come with her mother, and now I do not think so; for it seems that the letter was not her own. I wish to avoid the very thing which I see will happen, their arrival; and there is one method of avoidance which is necessary, though I do not like to adopt it. I now ask you to find out how long I can remain here, so as not to be caught. You will act as you write, with caution. I would like to propose for Cicero, if only it seems to you not unfair, that he will make the rents of Argeletum and Aventine meet the costs of this tour; which he would have been quite satisfied with if he had been at Rome and had hired a house there, as he thought of doing. When you have proposed this to him, I shall be glad if you will yourself arrange the rest, how I can supply him from those rents with what he needs. I will warrant that neither Bibulus nor Acidimus nor Messalla, who I hear will beat Athens, will incur greater expenses than what will be received from those rents; and I wish you would see first who wish to be tenants and at what rent, then that there may be some one to pay on the day appointed, and what provisions for his journey and what equipments will be enough. Certainly there will be no need of an animal at Athens; what, moreover, he uses on the journey is more than he needed at home, as you too notice.

✓ LXXXIII. (FAM. IV. 5.)

For some time after I had received the information of the death of your daughter Tullia, you may be sure that I bore it sadly and heavily, as much indeed as was right for me. I felt that I shared that terrible loss with you; and that had I but been where you are, you on your part would not have found me neglectful, and I on mine should not have failed to come to you and tell you myself how deeply grieved I am. And though it is true that consolations of this nature are painful and distressing, because those [dear friends and relations] upon whom the task naturally devolves are themselves afflicted with a similar burden, and incapable even of attempting it without many tears, so that one would rather suppose them in need of the consolations of others for themselves than capable of doing this kind office for others, yet nevertheless I have decided to write to you briefly such reflections as have occurred to me on the present occasion; not that I imagine them to be ignored by you, but because it is possible that you may be hindered by your sorrow from seeing them as clearly as usual.

What reason is there why you should allow the private grief which has befallen you to distress you so terribly? Recollect how fortune has hitherto dealt with us: how we have been bereft of all which ought to be no less dear to men than their own children—of country, position, rank, and every honorable office. If one more burden has now been laid upon you, could any addition be made to your pain? Or is there any heart that, having been trained in the school of such events, ought not now to be steeled by use against emotion, and think everything after them to be comparatively light?

Or is it for her sake, I suppose, that you are grieving? How many times must you have arrived at the

same conclusion as that into which I too have frequently fallen, that in these days theirs is not the hardest lot who are permitted painlessly to exchange their life for the grave! Now, what was there at the present time that could attach her very strongly to life? what hope? what fruition? what consolation for the soul? The prospect of a wedded life with a husband chosen from our young men of rank? Truly, one would think it was always in your power to choose a son-in-law of a position suitable to your rank out of our young men, one to whose keeping you would feel you could safely entrust the happiness of a child! Or that of being a joyful mother of children, who would be happy in seeing them succeeding in life; able by their own exertions to maintain in its integrity all that was bequeathed them by their father; intending gradually to rise to all the highest offices of the state; and to use that liberty to which they were born for the good of their country and the service of their friends? Is there any one of these things that has not been taken away before it was given? But surely it is hard to give up one's children? It is hard; but this is harder still--that they should bear and suffer what we are doing.

A circumstance which was such as to afford me no light consolation I cannot but mention to you, in the hope that it may be allowed to contribute equally towards mitigating your grief. As I was returning from Asia, when sailing from Ægina in the direction of Megara, I began to look around me at the various places by which I was surrounded. Behind me was Ægina, in front Megara; on the right, the Piræus, on the left, Corinth: all of them towns that in former days were most magnificent, but now are lying prostrate and in ruins before one's eyes. "Ah me," I began to reflect to myself, "we poor feeble mortals, who can claim but a short life in comparison, complain as if a wrong was

done us if one of our number dies in the course of nature, or has met his death by violence; and here in one spot are stretched out before me the corpses of so many cities! Servius, be master of yourself, and remember it is the lot of man to which you have been born." Believe me, I found myself in no small degree strengthened by these reflections. Let me advise you too, if you think good, to keep this reflection before your eyes. How lately, at one and the same time, have many of our illustrious men fallen! how grave an eneroachment has been made on the rights of the sovereign people of Rome! Every province in the world has been convulsed with the shock; if the frail life of a tender woman has gone too, who, being born to the common lot of man, must needs have died in a few short years, even if the time had not come for her now, are you thus utterly stricken down?

Do you then also recall your feelings and your thoughts from dwelling on this subject, and, as be- seems your character, bethink yourself rather of this: that she has lived as long as life was of value to her; that she passed away only together with her country's freedom; that she lived to see her father elected Prætor, Consul, Augur; that she had been the wife of young men of the first rank; that after enjoying well-nigh every blessing that life can offer, she left only when the Republic itself was falling. The account is closed, and what have you, what has she, to charge of injustice against Fate? In a word, forget not that you are Cicero—that you are he who was always wont to guide others and give them good advice; and be not like those quack physicians who, when others are sick, boast that they hold the key of the knowledge of medicine, to heal themselves are never able; but rather minister to yourself with your own hand the remedies which you are in the habit of prescribing for others, and put them plainly

before your own soul. There is no pain so great but the lapse of time will lessen and assuage it; it is not like yourself to wait till this time comes, instead of stepping forward by your philosophy to anticipate the result. And if even those who are low in the grave have any consciousness at all, such was her love for you and her tenderness for all around her, that surely she does not wish to see this in you. Make this a tribute then to her who is dead; to all your friends and relations who are mourning in your grief; and make it to your country also, that if in anything the need should arise, she may be able to trust to your energy and guidance. Finally, since such is the condition we have come to, that even this consideration must perforce be obeyed, do not let your conduct induce any one to believe that it is not so much your daughter as the circumstances of the Republic and the victory of others which you are deploring.

I shrink from writing to you at greater length upon this subject, lest I should seem to be doubtful of your own good sense; allow me therefore to put before you one more consideration, and then I will bring my letter to a close. We have seen you not once, but many times, bearing prosperity most gracefully, and gaining yourself great reputation thereby; let us see at last that you are capable also of bearing adversity equally well, and that it is not in your eyes a heavier burden than it ought to seem; lest we should think that of all the virtues this is the only one in which you are wanting.

As for myself, when I find you are more composed in mind I will send you information about all that is being done in these parts, and the state in which the province finds itself at present. Farewell.

LXXXIV. (FAM. V. 14.)

If you are in good health, it is well; I am in about as good health as I generally am, yet not quite so well as usual. I have very often sought to see you; I have wondered that you have never been at Rome since you left, and now too I wonder at it. I am not at all sure what it is that keeps you away so much. If you are enjoying your solitude, since you are writing and following some of those pursuits to which you have been accustomed, I am glad, and do not object to your idea; for nothing can be more pleasant, both in these troublous and unfortunate times and in peace and happiness, especially considering either the weariness of your mind, which now seeks rest from its great troubles, or its learning, producing as it does something from itself which may delight others and glorify yourself with praise. But if, however, as you went from here, you gave yourself up to tears and sadness, I sympathize with you that you are in trouble and anxiety. I cannot but find fault with you, if you allow me to speak freely what I think. Why, are you the only one to see what is plain because you have insight into matters that are hidden? Do you not know that you avail nothing with your daily complaints? Do you know you are doubling your anxieties, which your prudence bids you relieve? But if I can accomplish nothing by my persuasion, I urge you as a friend, and beg if you are willing to do anything for my sake, that you will free yourself from your anxieties and return to your association with me and to your usual habits of life, either such as we have shared in common, or such as you may choose for yourself. I do not wish to annoy you if you are not pleased with my earnestness; yet I wish to deter you from persisting in your purpose. Now these two contrary things worry me; I hope that you will either comply with me

in the latter, if you can, or at least that you will not take offence at the former. Farewell.

LXXXV. (FAM. V. 15.)

All your affection is entirely evident in that letter which I last received from you, not indeed that it was unknown to me, yet it was pleasing and gratifying; I would say "joyful," if I had not lost that word for all time; and not on that one account which you suppose and in regard to which you seriously reproached me in most gentle and loving words, but because there are no remedies, as there should be, for so grievous a wound. What then? Shall I take refuge with my friends? How many are there? For we had almost the same friends, some of whom are dead, others are hardened in some way. With you I could live indeed, and would especially like to; our age, love, habits, and enthusiasms are the same; what bond, I ask, is wanting to our unity? Can we then be together? I do not know what there is to prevent, but we certainly have not hitherto been together, at the times when we were neighbors in the country at Tusculum or Puteoli; for why need I speak in regard to city life? There we do not need to live near each other, since the Forum is a common meeting-place. But for some reason our lives fell in such circumstances that when we ought to have been eminent, we were even ashamed of living; for what refuge had I, stripped as I was of private and public enjoyments and consolations? Books, I suppose, with which I am continually employed; for what else can I do? But in some way the very books seem to exclude me from a harbor of refuge and, as it were, to reproach me because I remain in that state of existence in which there is only a continuance of wretchedness. Do you wonder that I stay away from that city

in which my home cannot be a pleasure to me, and I am at variance with the spirit of the times, the Forum and the Curia? And so I devote myself to literature, in which I spend all my time, not that I may seek a final remedy for my troubles, but that I may forget my grief a little. But if you and I had done what we never even thought of doing, on account of the daily fear we lived in, if we had always been together, your state of health would never have troubled me, nor my sorrow, you. Let us do what we can; for what is better for us? So I will see you at an early day.

LXXXVI. (ATT. XIII. 12.)

Your letter about Attica greatly worried me, and yet it quieted my fears; for that you comforted yourself by that same letter, that was enough to relieve me. You have spoken highly of the speech for Ligarius; in future, whatever I write, I will make you my auctioneer. As to what you write me about Varro, you know that I have been used to writing speeches hitherto on things of that kind, so that I could not insert Varro anywhere in them; but after I had begun these treatises, more literary in character, Varro had already announced of making a really great and valuable dedication to me. Two years passed away while that Kallipides, though constantly moving, did not get on an inch; but I was preparing to reply to what he should send me, with the same measure, and better if I could; for this also Hesiod writes, *if you can*. Now, as you wished, I have betrothed to Brutus my "De Finibus," which I value highly; you have written me that he was pleased with the compliment. So the *Academica*, in which men, illustrious indeed, but by no means literary, speak with too much subtlety, let me dedicate to Varro, for it is in the style of Antiochus, which Varro

highly approves. I will in some other work repay Catulus and Lentulus for their loss; at least if you approve this proposal; and write back to me, if you please, what you think of it. I have received from Vestorius a letter about the sale of the estate of Brinnius; he says that without any discussion the affair was referred to me June 24—perhaps they thought I would be at Rome or in Tusculum. So you will please tell either your friend Sextus Vettius, my co-heir, or my friend Labeo, to defer the sale a little; I will be in Tusculum July 7. Piso and Eros are both with you. Let us devote our whole attention to the consideration of the gardens of Scapulus: the day approaches.

LXXXVII. (ATT. XIII. 13.)

Led by what you wrote me of Varro, I withdrew the whole *Academica* from those noble men and dedicated it to our friend, and recast it from two books into four. They are on the whole longer than the former ones, yet I took out many things. I am very anxious to have you write me what you know of his wishes; but at any rate I want to know this, who it was that you think he envied, unless perhaps it was Brutus; this, indeed, was the only one I could entertain; yet I should much like to be certain. Indeed, the work was issued, unless perhaps a common self-regard deceives me, so that of the kind nothing was ever like them even among the Greeks; you will bear the loss, that what you have of the *Academica* was copied to no purpose; yet these are much more splendid than those, shorter and better. Now, however, I am in doubt where to turn; I wish to write something for Dolabella, who is very anxious for it. But I do not see what it can be, and I too “stand in awe of the Trojans,” nor can I escape the blame, if there is any. So I must either stop or think of some-

thing. But why do I care for these minor questions? I beg you, how is my Attica? She causes me great anxiety. But I frequently reread your letters and calm myself by them; yet I await new ones.

LXXXVIII. (FAM. VII. 25.)

In regard to your distress at the letter having been destroyed, do not be unhappy about it; it is safe, and you can call for it when you wish. I was very glad of your warning; and I ask you always to do it. For you seem to fear that if we have him as an enemy, we shall learn the Sardinian laugh. But look out! your hand off the tablet! The matter is come sooner than we thought; I am afraid that he will send all the Catonians to the lower world. My dear Gallus, be assured that nothing could be better than the part of your letter following the words, "The rest are falling." This is private; listen, keep it to yourself, do not even tell it to Apelles, your freedman; except ourselves, no one speaks in that style of ours; whether well or ill, I will consider at another time; but whatever it is, it belongs to us two alone. Push on then, and do not stray a nail's breadth, as they say, from your writing; for it is the artisan of speech. And so I indeed spend my nights also.

LXXXIX. (ATT. XIII. 52.)

To think of my having a guest who cost me so much anxiety, and yet no regret! For it was very pleasant. But when, on the second day of the Saturnalia, he came to Philip's house, it was so full of soldiers that scarcely was the couch empty on which Cæsar himself was going to dine, as there were two thousand men. I was indeed troubled as to what would happen the next day, but Barba Cassius came to my assistance, and

furnished a guard. Camp was pitched on the grounds; the house was defended. He remained at Philip's house on the third day of the Saturnalia till one o'clock, and did not allow any one to enter; I suppose he had some business with Balbus. Then he walked on the shore. After two o'clock he went to the bath; then he heard about Mamurra, but it had no effect on him. He was anointed and took his place at dinner. He intended to take an emetic, so he both ate and drank freely, and with a good appetite, sumptuously and fully, nor that only, but "with excellent conversation well-digested and seasoned, and if you ask, delightfully too." Besides, on the three couches his friends were abundantly well entertained; nothing was lacking for the less noble freedmen and slaves; but the more elegant men were splendidly received. Why do I say more? We seemed to be gentlemen. Yet he is not a guest to whom you would say, "I will devote myself to you; come this way and visit me when you return." Once is enough. There was nothing of a serious character in the conversation, but much literary chat. In short, he was entertained, and to his satisfaction. He said he would be one day at Puteoli, the next near Baiæ. You have my entertaining or the billeting which was not to my taste, I said, but not productive of any great inconvenience. I shall remain here for a short time, and then go to Tusculum. When he passed the house of Dolabella, the whole body of his guards closed up on the right and left of his horse, and it was done nowhere else. I learned that from Nicias.

XC. (FAM. VII. 30.)

I truly now neither urge nor ask you to come home; but I myself wish to fly and go somewhere, "where I shall hear neither the name nor the deeds of the Pelo-

pidæ." It is incredible how base it seems in me to remain under these circumstances. Surely you seem to have foreseen long beforehand what was threatening when you fled from here. Even though these things are terrible to hear, yet it is easier to hear than to see them. You were certainly not on the Campus when at the second hour the election for questor had begun the tribunal of Quintus Maximus, whom those men call consul, was placed, when news was brought of his sudden death, it was immediately removed. Moreover, Cæsar, who had opened the comitia tributa, changed it to the centuriata; he announced at the seventh hour who would be consul until January 1, the next day; so you see during the consulship of Caninius, no one dined. No harm was done while he was consul; he was remarkably watchful, for during his whole consulate he saw no sleep. This seems ridiculous to you, for you are not here; if you were to see them, you could not restrain your tears. Why should I write more? There are innumerable things of the same kind, which indeed I would not endure, if I had not betaken myself into the harbor of philosophy, and had not my friend Atticus to share my studies; as you write you are his by ownership and bond, and mine by use and enjoyment, I am contented with your distinction; for that belongs to one, which he uses and enjoys. But more of this at another time. Acilius, who was sent with troops into Greece, is in the receipt of very great services from me; for twice I defended him from capital punishment with entire safety, and he is very grateful and honors me particularly. I have most carefully written to him about you, and have joined that letter with this; please write me how he receives it, and what he promises to you.

XCI. (FAM. XII. 3.)

Your friend is daily growing mad; in the first place, the statue which he has placed on the rostra he has inscribed, "To the father most deserving." so that you are judged not merely assassins, but parricides. Why do I say "you are judged?" Better, we are judged: for that madman says I was the leader of that most glorious movement of yours. Would I had been! He would not then trouble us. But this is your affair. Since you have neglected this, I wish I had some advice to give you. But I cannot even for myself find out what must be done; for what can be done against force, without force? But this is their whole plan to avenge the death of Cæsar; so October 2 he came off very poorly when brought to a meeting by Cannutius, yet he spoke of the protectors of his country in terms which he should have used of its betrayers; of me he expressed no doubt that you had done everything by my advice, and that Cannutius was then so acting. Of the condition of other things, judge from this, that they have refused the expenses to your legate; what explanation do you think they give in doing this? That it is being given to an enemy. O unhappy state of affairs! We could not endure a master, we serve a slave. And yet, although I have good wishes rather than hope, even now I have hope in your energy. But where are the forces? About the other trouble, take counsel with yourself rather than depend upon my words. Farewell.

XCII. (FAM. X. 28.)

How I wish you had invited me to that splendid banquet on the Ides of March! We should not have had anything left over. Whereas it is the leavings with which I now have so much trouble, that even your im-

mortal gift to your country has something in it for complaint. In fact, there are times when—in me, however, this is almost sinful—I am disposed to be angry when I think that it was you, one of our good men and true, who took him aside, and that thanks entirely to your kindness this pest is still alive; since to me alone you have left more trouble than to all other people besides myself put together. From the first moment indeed that, after Antonius's disgraceful departure, the Senate could come together freely, I brought myself back to the spirit of old days, which you, like your father, the most enthusiastic of patriots, had ever on your lips and in your love. For when the tribunes had convened the Senate for the twentieth of December, and were introducing a proposal on another matter, I dealt with the whole question of the position of the Republic in my speech, and urged this point with the utmost vehemence; and, more by the force of my enthusiasm than my abilities, called back our now drooping and exhausted Senate to its ancient energy and character. This day, together with my own efforts and proposals, has first brought the people of Rome a vision of the recovery of their liberties; nor indeed have I myself since then allowed any interval to elapse without not merely thinking but taking action for the Republic. And but for the fact that the news from town and all that goes on is, I suppose, reported to you, I would myself describe it in full, although I am hampered by engagements of the utmost importance. But such things as these you shall learn from other people; from me only one or two, and those very briefly. We have a Senate that is resolute; ex-consuls in some cases timid, in others ill-affected; in Sulpicius we had had a great loss. Lucius Cæsar is on the right side in feeling, but because his nephew is concerned he does

not favor any rigorous proposals. The consuls are most admirable; Decimus Brutus a noble example; Cæsar a youth of singular ability, who will, I myself expect, go on as he has begun. However, this at least you may take as certain, that if he had not rapidly enrolled the veterans, and if two legions from the Antonian forces had not transferred themselves to his standard, and thus been a menace in the path of Antonius, there was no kind of wickedness, no kind of cruelty that Antonius was likely to have left alone. This, although I suppose you have already heard it, I wanted to be confirmed to you. I will write more at length if I find I have more leisure.

XCIII. (FAM. XII. 6.)

What the state of our prospects was at the time when I wrote this letter, you will have an opportunity of learning from Caius Titius Strabo, a worthy gentleman, and one who is most well-disposed to the Republic; what need is there for me to say also of him that he is most eager to see you, when he has left his home and all that he has, making it his first object to come to you? And therefore in his case I write no letter of recommendation to you; his arrival will in itself to you be a satisfactory recommendation. What I wish you to think and let yourself be thoroughly assured of is, that if—which I hope may not be the case—anything untoward has once befallen us, then the only refuge that good men have to fly to is to be found in yourself and Brutus. At the time of my writing things have been brought to a final crisis; for Brutus is now barely able to hold his position at Mutina. When he has been saved, then we have triumphed, but if—which God forbid!—that fails, all of us have but one road to run, and

that is to you two. In view of which do you **arm** yourself with all the spirit and all the resources of power which are now required to win back the Republic in its integrity. Farewell.

XCIV. (FAM. X. 13.)

So soon as ever the opportunity was given me of still further promoting your distinctions, I omitted nothing in glorification of you, so far as that consisted in either a substantial reward of your merits, or an honorary recognition of them. This you will be able to perceive from the very form in which the Senate passed the decree, it having been finally drawn up from my dictation in the way which I suggested when I expressed my opinion, to which a crowded house assented with intense enthusiasm and great unanimity. Although from the letter you wrote it had been made sufficiently clear to me that you found more pleasure in the deliberate approval of good men than in the externals of glory, I myself nevertheless held that we were bound to take into account, even were you to make no claim at all, how much the Republic owed to you. You will not fail to let your later work be all of a piece with its beginning; for whoever shall have succeeded in getting rid of Marcus Antonius, he it is that will have ended the war; and thus we find that it is not Achilles nor Ajax, but Ulysses that Homer has called "him that taketh a city."

XCV. (FAM. XII. 10.)

Your brother-in-law, my once familiar friend, Lepidus, was on the thirtieth day of June declared a public enemy by the unanimous vote of the Senate, as were all those who shared his treachery to the Republic, though to those it has been left open to return to their

right mind before the first of September. The Senate, it is true, is resolute, but that is mainly in the hope of the support you can give. The war indeed, at the time of my writing this, is truly serious through the villainy and worthlessness of Lepidus. We daily hear satisfactory news about Dolabella, but as yet without any known source—given without authority and upon mere rumor. But though this is the case, yet such a conviction was established in the public mind by the letter you wrote from your camp on the seventh of May, that everybody believed him to be finally crushed, and you to be marching to Italy at the head of an army, that we might either rely on your counsel and authority, should our present work have been satisfactorily done, or on the strength of your army if, as does happen in war, a false step had by any chance been taken. For this army you may be sure that I will do all that is in my power for providing supplies in every way; the proper opportunity to attain which object will be after it has begun to be known how much strength your army will contribute, or what it has already contributed to the cause of the Republic; for as yet we hear of nothing but endeavors, most meritorious and gallant ones, it is true, but still people look for something really achieved, and this indeed I feel confident has already been done in some degree, or else is just impending. Than your own bravery and magnanimity can be nothing more splendid, and we therefore hope to see you in Italy as soon as may be; when we have both of you we shall seem to ourselves to have the Republic. We had won a glorious victory had Lepidus only not given shelter to Antonius when he was stripped, unarmed, exiled; and consequently Antonius was never held in such detestation by the public as Lepidus is now; for the former only out of a country already embroiled, the latter, out of peace and triumph, has succeeded in excit-

ing the flames of war. To confront him we look to the consuls-elect, in whom we have confidence indeed, and that in no slight degree, but still not without anxious suspense, owing to the uncertainty of the issues of battles. Allow yourself, therefore, to be thoroughly persuaded that on you and your friend Brutus everything depends; that both of you are being looked for at home, Brutus indeed now at any moment. And though, as I trust, when you arrive it will be to find all our foes prostrate, still under your direction the Republic shall rise from her ashes, and be established on some satisfactory basis; for there are very many things yet we shall have to repair, even if it shall be shown that the Republic has really been delivered from the iniquity of her enemies. Farewell.

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